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Current Comments

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When is a Swindle not a Swindle ?

THE question is suggested by an impartial reading of Mr. Ashley Brown's article in this number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW on Railway Finances. Have railway stockholders no rights? No conservative can honestly accept the old early Victorian liberal position that stockholders have all the rights, that labour is a commodity to be bought in the cheapest market and that all profits resulting from a successful purchase of that commodity are the moral as well as the legal property of the capitalist. But to-day the wheel has come full circle. We do not suggest that the railway directorates and their advisers have not in general discharged their task well. It is obvious, however, that some principles must be laid down for their guidance. By what right, when the ordinary stockholders have lost three-quarters or more of their capital, are increased wages given to the railway employees? Presumably because their need is the greater, or possibly because in the public interest and for the social good of all classes a railway strike is to be avoided at all costs. These arguments may well be cogent, but are they different in kind from the arguments of the starving man who puts his hand in the rich man's till ? If the public interest demands improved wages for those who operate the railways must not the need be met by the public who reap the benefit from its satisfaction? There can be no conceivable case in morals for merely dipping into the pockets of the stockholders and going on as if nothing had happened.

The Case for Confiscation

WE are going to hear a great deal more shortly of the *political* argument for such a procedure. We are going to hear that the railways were not in

fact built by the shareholders but by the community, and that the community is thus entitled to repudiate all claims for interest. It is necessary to face this issue fairly and satisfy ourselves—or not—whether the argument is valid. If it is, let us proceed to a wholesale confiscation. But if not, let us meet the challenge openly. And in doing so let us not, like Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, forget the losses and talk only of the profits. If the money subscribed by the public for profitable commercial and manufacturing undertakings in the past was really the community's money, and the earnings on that money therefore belong to the community, it is equally certain that the much greater sums subscribed for non-profitable undertakings and since lost was also the community's, and that the misguided individuals who shouldered the loss in the mistaken belief that it was their own money must be at once compensated.

The limits and extent of Shareholders' rights.

THE truth, of course, is that the profits and losses are alike private, not public. The shareholder's risk is that conditions may arise in which his share becomes valueless. The nature of his reward—which may be large—is proportioned to the nature of the risk. If his risk turns out a bad risk, then his position should be regularized by a writing down of capital, but it is clearly contrary to the public interest to have a large undertaking like a railway conducted in a manner which gives credence to the view that the shareholders' rights are simply non-existent. These rights should be determined and then asserted fearlessly. The alternative is to accept the position that contracts made with the more wealthy can be abrogated without let or hindrance when the less wealthy feel so inclined. Actually, it is doubtful how much merit there is even in this distinction between the more and less wealthy. There is no evidence at all that the general body of railway shareholders are at all wealthy, nor is there reason to suppose that they

have as a body inherited their shares. The majority have in all probability been bought out of savings by their present holders. The Conservative party ought, while asserting, within the proper limits, the rights of shareholders, to challenge the pretence that shareholders are a class, and a wealthy class at that. The overwhelming majority of shares of all kinds, if we except those in purely speculative concerns, are held by weekly and monthly wage earners, or on their behalf by banks, insurance companies and the like.

The Case against Confiscation

THIS may sound very elementary, but it is necessary to say these elementary things. The chief factor in the Socialist campaign is the appeal to prejudice. It relies on popularizing the slipshod assumption that the main part of the national wealth, which is in private hands, has been unjustly acquired. The English are neither envious nor ungenerous. It is only because millions of them really believe this lie that millions will vote Socialist at the next election. The truth is that any confiscatory proposal would mostly hit the poorer classes both directly and by ruining the banks and insurance companies. For it would necessarily be aimed first at that class of undertaking which is well established, secure, and fruitful. Shares in such undertakings are naturally the kind of investment which the poorer classes prefer. The Socialist State will not go into the new industries which are hazardous, often over-capitalized and liable to rapid fluctuations. It will begin with house property, gas, electricity, railways, dock and harbour undertakings, and rationalized industries like the chemical combines. The rich speculator will be for long immune. The investor who, as an individual, a trustee, an insurer, a banker or the administrator of industrial reserves is bound to seek a lower yield and security will be the victim, and those who will suffer from the victimization will not be the rich. We are told that no one will suffer. That

confiscation is not practical politics. We shall be told that to speak of a possible confiscation is to libel the leaders of English Socialism. Never mind. Let us continue to raise the issue and to challenge the policy. Socialism without confiscation means merely the superimposition of a bureaucracy on the top of the present system. Who imagines that the cost and loss which will result will be met otherwise than out of the shareholders' pockets. The process be called taxation, but its purpose and effect will be confiscation.

The India Bill

THE Government have reached a wise decision in postponing the introduction of their final Indian proposals till the new year. The large vote against the White Paper at Bristol means little. The Government bill will be based on the Select Committee's report, which will recommend some, but not many, concessions, and the bill will pass. The trouble will come later, not from English, but from Indian politicians, who will greet the proposals, whatever they are, with a cry of indignation and start at once a campaign for negativing the safeguards. If, as in South Africa, the two opposed races were in some rough degree equal numerically and in other ways, unrestricted self-government would be the wise course. The balance of forces would produce in the end a new fusion. In India, the English are bound by the needs of the case to remain for an indefinite period partners in the federal government, and such partnership is, in the circumstances, a denial of self-government at the centre. Either the partnership will cease or the constitution will break down. There is a clear and strong case for maintaining the partnership. There is a sentimental and less strong case for announcing its dissolution. But once it is granted that we are at present precluded from so doing (as is admitted by all), there is no case for making the partnership unworkable. It is by this practical test that the Select Committee's recommendations will be judged,

and it is the duty of Parliament to examine them with an unprejudiced mind from this point of view and this only. To imagine a parallel which does not exist between India to-day and South Africa in 1906 is to leave politics behind and indulge in abstract theorizing of the kind which leads to anarchy.

General Smuts' speech

WE note that General Smuts in a recent speech has made particular reference to the value of British liberal institutions. There is a risk, however, that his remarks may intensify the prevailing confusion between self-government and parliamentary democracy. It is a foolish task to try to govern South Africa from London, and equally foolish to try to govern India from Whitehall. But England, of course, has never governed India from Whitehall. The activities of the Secretary of State for India are mainly advisory. It is strange, moreover, to find General Smuts, representing a small white oligarchy which denies so many rights to the native population of South Africa, reminding us of the historic duty of introducing the Indian peoples to parliamentary democracy. Truly, we are a tolerant people, and I only hope the Indian people will be equally tolerant if and when they find themselves handed over to an oligarchy of Indian politicians.

A Change from Politics

INSTEAD of talking politics, I went to two plays by popular novelists last week: J. B. Priestley's *Eden End* and Keith Winter's *The Shining Hour*. Both were played to crowded houses, and represent, apparently, what is regarded to-day as the intellectual drama. What do they tell us of English letters to-day, and of the English attitude? The first thing to be said is that both plays are good commercial entertainment, particularly Mr. Priestley's. The second thing to be said is that there is not, in either of them, the ghost of an intelligent idea about anything at all. I would not be impertinent

enough to suggest that any ideas were intended. The interesting thing is that they were, quite simply, left out. No character in either of these plays utters a line which is not straight out of the copy book, or is found in any situation not hopelessly commonplace. This is not a criticism of the authors so much as of the audiences. Morality having become a question of taste, and politics a matter of planning, of " how " and no longer of " why " and " whither," the relations between sexes and classes, the codes of nations or societies or religions, no longer form possible subjects for drama. In the abstract these questions abide, and their neglect is, perhaps, the major evil of to-day, but in the concrete they have ceased to exist, for a question demands a questioner, and a question in a drama demands a questioner in the audience.

Eden End

TAKE Mr. Priestley's *Eden End*, set in a Yorkshire village where a country doctor is working out the evening of his days. One daughter has gone away, on to the stage (the date is 1913); one, slightly acidulated, remains, and there is also a young son on leave from West Africa. The erring daughter returns, married, but separated from her husband, and, having failed to do more than make an income on the stage, makes love to her old admirer, who was on the point of proposing to the spinster sister, and is interrupted by the arrival of the missing husband. After the usual theatrical interludes, the erring daughter ceases to err and goes off with her husband. Now the interest of the play lies in the fact, which seems to have escaped the notice of the author, that it is a pre-war problem play with the problem left out. Why shouldn't the girl have gone on the stage—why, having gone on the stage, shouldn't she write home? Why shouldn't she have come home without her husband? Why should her sister have remained sourly at home and envied her sister? Obviously, there is, to-day, no reason at all, and therefore none is given in the play. It is a play whose story is

meaningless outside a fixed society, where girls from the middle classes don't go and live "a life of their own," where actors are slightly disreputable and husbands are inseparable from their wives, where art is still spelt ART and cannot be married to prudence. To-day, when art is one of the biggest business rackets, when girls go out to earn a living as a matter of course, and a separated husband is so much better than no husband at all, the whole piece becomes just a theatrical exercise. Drama requires conflict and a representative quality—conflict by society out of principle, as the stud book would say.

Mr. Keith Winter Flies Higher

MR. KEITH WINTER flies higher and, of course, fares worse. Oddly enough, his theme is, mechanically, much the same as Mr. Priestley's. In this case, the intruding siren is the lawful but uninterested wife of a newly-returned elder brother. There are no parents, Mr. Winter has clearly said "good-bye to all that," but there is an elderly spinster sister who does as well, and the farm belongs to a married brother of the returned wanderer. As with Mr. Priestley, there is a young brother of great stupidity and loutishness. But whereas Mr. Priestley saw that there was nothing to make a fuss about, and went quietly on with his job of making money out of an amusing play, Mr. Winter makes an enormous fuss with an equal lack of ingredients. Of course, the beautiful young wife intrudes into the family circle and falls in love with her brother-in-law. Of course, the brother-in-law's wife is pure and generous; of course, the spinster sister is bitter and rude, and the young brother loutishly amorous. But, one asks, why not? No one in the play believes in anything, or pretends to believe in anything, there is no pretence that there is a "family tradition" or a "county" or "county town" point of view. Nothing but love at first sight between someone else's husband and someone else's wife. An opportune thunderstorm brings the roof down on the head of the unwanted wife, who walks into the falling masonry out of pure native

goodness and nobility, but with a tactless obviousness inspired by the necessity for a third act. For her widower, haunted by her ghost, threatens (very effectively) to go mad and has to be seduced all over again.

Nonsense about Honesty.

NOW the truth is that if you believe that there is such a thing as love at first sight, so passionate as to be irresistible, then it ceases to be subject for a drama. It is an accident, and there is nothing to be done about it. If you do not, then the only interest in the play lies in the conflict between love and obligation. But in Mr. Winter's play there is no conflict. Every one assumes that it is the sort of thing that happens and that you mustn't be "woolly" about it. There is no clear evidence that Mr. Winter intended to be "woolly" about it. The unforeseen accident of the deserted wife's suicide created a new situation, and then every one was engaged in not being "woolly" about that either. There was, indeed, a good deal of talk about the different standards of honesty (with the emphasis on the difference rather than on the honesty), from which I gathered that it didn't matter what you did as long as you did it, but this rather naïve thesis was patently disproved by the suicide, though it was repeated afterwards with even more conviction. No doubt you can go on "not being woolly" about everything from petty theft to murder, but such progressive people ought to keep out of plays, for their careers have the accidents of drama without the substance. If there are no obligations to God or man but merely to "honesty," then everything that happens as a result of your action is outside your control, and to connect one with the other is so much false emotionalism, like the ebbing tide which so conveniently coincided with the death of the insufferable Paul Dombey, or the dogs which were so fortunately present to lick the blood of Mr. Carker when he was so conveniently run over by a train. But with this difference. Dickens's false sentiment was an honest attempt to bring Nature herself into the

drama of life. Mr. Winter's concern is merely to write a good play for Miss Gladys Cooper. Fortunately, he succeeded.

General von Kluck

THE death of General von Kluck recalls the first days of the war, when the British Army was regarded in this country as the decisive factor in checking the German advance. It is interesting, but rather disquieting, to see that now, after so much has been forgotten of the realities of war, this absurd legend is beginning to reassert itself. Although von Kluck's army consisted of seven corps and three brigades, more than four times the size of our original Expeditionary Force, the *Times* can still write of the British as his chief opponents. To restore our sense of proportion let us remember that the French lost in the Ardennes alone, long before the Battle of the Marne began, 250,000 men, more than three times the strength of the whole British force. The decisive factor in the first battles was von Kluck's failure to realize that he had only the British force in front of him and nothing threatening his right flank. By the time he realized this, the situation had been saved by the formation of Manoury's sixth army, and the mobilization of the Paris garrison. Once again, von Kluck's intelligence service failed him. Having wasted a day after Mons, when he was in no danger, he went on, leaving Paris on his flank, up to September 4, with no idea of the danger which now threatened. Indeed, the German Commander-in-Chief, von Moltke, had actually, during these days of victory, weakened von Kluck by detaching no fewer than seven divisions. When the new situation was finally understood—when it was found that von Kluck's weakened forces were facing not only the British, but very powerful French forces based on Paris and threatening the German flank, Moltke's staff officer, von Hentsch, ordered Bülow and Kluck to retreat. This retreat was simultaneous with Joffre's request to the British to advance. The British advance, like that of the French,

was slow, and by September 10 the Germans had extricated themselves from a fatal position. The German strategy had been defeated, but the Marne was a tactical failure for the Allies. Both sides had lost the grand opportunity of a decisive stroke and the war of attrition began.

A lesson from the Air Race

THE air race to Australia brilliantly won by the British flyers, Scott and Black, reminds us that in the next war generals will have eyes. This may make a difference, but not, I imagine, as much as is imagined, for the modern attacking force is far more concentrated than in the days of the rifle and bayonet. A decisive blow, more powerful than could be dealt by a couple of infantry divisions, can be dealt to-day by a compact mechanized force which can easily be concealed by day and can move fifty or sixty miles by night and be ready for a dawn attack. The limits to mechanization are, of course, severe. The ground defence of the immense engineering and supply services, repair shops, and so on, have to be entrusted to the infantry as before, and, for the same reason, the occupation of conquered territory must remain a task for men, not machines. Machines are too expensive, and take too long to replace. The fact remains that the essential military weapon of surprise is restored by the progress of invention, and that, with this, generalship will come into its own once more. It is a possibility which those who study the achievements of the generals in the last war must view with some anxiety. The anxiety is, perhaps, greatest for the most military nations. The chances of a great leader emerging by the slow stages of a professional career can be dismissed as negligible. A nation which has to improvise its resistance to aggression has a better chance of getting great leaders, as the American South showed in the Civil War. Given a technique of war which did not put a premium on manpower, the issue of that war might have been different.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

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UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

The Herring Report

(Cmd. 4677, 9d. net, 1934.)

By Sir Arnold Wilson, M.P.

THE First Report of the Sea Fish Commission for the United Kingdom, set up in 1933 by Act of Parliament, was published in August last; the Commissioners being Sir Andrew Duncan (Chairman), Lord Wolmer, M.P., and Messrs. Francis Beattie, Edwin Fisher, and Lawrence Neal.

After a comparatively brief summary of trade conditions, which must be read in the light of a previous Report* they recommend the establishment of a "Herring Board," exercising jurisdiction over all the herring fishings of the United Kingdom, with headquarters in Edinburgh. The Board is to consist of eight well-paid members, appointed for not more than eight or less than four years. There is to be no poll or formal representation of the industry: "decisive action is a matter of urgency, for the position is in danger of deteriorating beyond control unless remedial measures are taken immediately." The suggested powers of the Board are exceedingly extensive. No boat may sail without a license, or fish beyond a given time or place without leave; the methods of fishing are to be prescribed, and supplies arranged "co-operatively."

Salesmen are also to be licensed, and the Board itself may, in competition with private salesmen, run auctions, buy and sell herrings, fix minimum prices, and regulate every relationship between buyer and seller. Curers are to be licensed likewise, and the amounts they may cure, and their methods, regulated.

The export trade is to be a special preserve of the Board (by virtue of comprehensive powers in reserve) with full statutory control of purchases and sales, especially to Russia, and with power to set up agencies and generally to assume the duties of a trading concern.

Kipperers are to be similarly controlled, and the

* Economic Advisory Council Committee on the Fishing Industry. Report. Cmd. 4012. 1932. 3s.

Home Market is to be the object of special solicitude, with the aid of "research," "marketing services," and the like, assisted by "statistics in a prescribed form, to be submitted by each section of the industry for the use of the Board as desired."

The cost is to be met, in part by a subvention from State funds, but mainly by levies from every section, on lines now painfully familiar to farmers in connection with the Milk Industry.

Of all this (and there is much more) it may be confidently said that no more revolutionary document has seen the light since 1931: if all, or any part of it, is translated into terms of law it will fulfil the old prophecy that England would have Home Rule from a Conservative Government, Tariffs from Labour and Liberal parties, and Collectivism from a National Government. It is hailed in "Planning"—the organ *par excellence* of believers in a collectivist or corporate, if not in a Soviet, State as a landmark in our economic history. It is government in industry indeed, but not self-government: it will rejoice the heart of Sir Stafford Cripps and amaze Sir Oswald Mosley. The Board will have powers surpassing the wildest dreams of war-time Ministries and will, apparently, enjoy the immunity from legal process enjoyed by the Departments of State to whom alone it will be responsible.

The casual reader who studies the elaborate machinery proposed in the Report would imagine the herring industry to be a vital national service, in imminent danger of complete extinction, employing scores of thousands of men. What are the numbers engaged?

The Census of April 1931 recorded "fishermen" of all kinds as follows:—

		Working on Own Account	Out of Work All Classes
England and Wales* ..	27,000	5,500	4,000
Scotland	18,500	9,000	3,000
	45,500	14,500	7,000

* For 1921, 29,000; for 1911, 24,500.

Of these, 31,000 are insured, and 14·9 per cent. and 20·6 per cent. were respectively registered unemployed in June, 1931 and 1933, as compared with average percentages for all industries on those dates of 21·1 per cent. and 19·3 per cent. (The Census of 1931 was taken on a date when unemployment in the herring fishery is normally at a maximum.)

The number of "fishermen" so registered in April, 1931, for the whole of Norfolk and Great Yarmouth was 855 and 566, respectively; for East Suffolk (which includes Lowestoft) 2,233. If, therefore, as stated in the Committee's Report, 15,000 fishermen are almost wholly dependent on the herring fishery,* over 14,000 of them, constituting over threequarters of all the fishermen registered at the Census, must be domiciled in Scotland. The actual number is probably between 8,000 and 10,000, and, if the Census is reliable, there is no industry except agriculture with a larger proportion of men over 60, and small proportion under 20. The industry is, in fact, adapting itself to new conditions, and is, of necessity, largely now, as always, a part-time business.

From 1931 to 1933 the average selling price on landing of the annual herring catch was £2,100,000. Since 1913, when the catch realized £2¾ millions, the foreign market has contracted by 55 per cent., and home market by 45 per cent. The Committee hope to recapture the foreign trade by a policy of compulsory reorganization and rationalization, assisted by the Treasury and, of course, by levies on salesmen and curers. The Board is to have exclusive powers, if it cares to exercise them, over all export trade, with power to eliminate independent exporters. That policy has not helped the South Wales coal miners. The hope of increased exports is vain, and the Committee know it (p. 28). The home market alone offers prospects. In this direction the Committee

* No official figures on this subject are available, but an unnamed witness quoted in the Fishing Industry Report (Cmd. 4012) in 1932 gave the figure for 1914 as 20,500, and for 1932, 16,000.

has the usual nostrums to offer: improved methods, cheaper railway transport, marketing research and propaganda, licensed salesmen, licensed curers, and so on, all leading, some day, to lower prices. It is suggested that we may cease (when the Trade Agreement expires in 1936) to import from Norway, as at present, rather more than 10 per cent. of our requirements (subject to a 10 per cent. tariff), in which case, of course, Norwegian competition in other markets will become correspondingly greater. Prices would not improve, but employment in the winter would perhaps be more regular.

The Report deals in some detail with the change of public taste for herrings and kippers, and suggests that the nutritive value of kippers is not sufficiently appreciated, and should be established, possibly with the help of biochemical research, as a preliminary to an advertising campaign in urban areas. No mention is made, however, of the fact that the retail price of herrings, kippers and bloaters, elsewhere than on or near the coast, has remained steady, whilst that of rival delicacies has dropped, in the last five years, by 20 per cent. or more. It is possible to plan production, but not consumption. The primary reason why fewer herrings are eaten is that other equally attractive and less wholesome foods are cheaper. The housewife will not be moved by biochemistry or by posters; they will murmur, like Marie Lloyd, "a little bit of what yer fancies does yer good," and will spend their household money on whatever goes farthest.

Between 1927 and 1932 for example, the total consumption of beef and veal fell by 106,000 tons—or ten per cent. decrease per "average person" who, in the same period, increased his intake of mutton and pork respectively by 20 per cent. and 30 per cent. in order to take advantage of favourable price variations. A 40 per cent. decline in the price of butter was associated with a 40 per cent. increase in consumption. The same is true of eggs, cream and fruit.

There remains the question of the herring fleet of about 1,000 steam drifters (compared with 1,470 in 1913), mostly obsolescent, and heavily in debt, to the tune of, perhaps, half a million pounds, to salesmen, repairers, ships' chandlers and others. Many boats are redundant, many should be scrapped.

"To allow the fleet to continue to adjust itself by a process of attrition," observes the Committee, "would be in our judgment a cruel and wasteful policy . . . it would delay, if not prevent the objects sought to be achieved by ameliorative measures. . . ." They proceed to ask for power for the Board to grant financial assistance and to make credit facilities available "not disregarding wholly the claims of existing creditors." The Committee, in fact, prefer the lingering disease; their proposals cannot rejuvenate, they can only retard the adjustment that the times require. The dealers who, in this as in most industries, hold the debentures, will no doubt heartily applaud, but the fishermen and shipowners will do well to look with caution at Greeks bearing such gifts, in exchange for which they will be bound hand and foot to a Board of amateur bureaucrats over whom they will have, neither individually nor collectively, any effective control.

The business of a government in a civilized country is not to engage itself, officially or by deputy, in the complexities of production and distribution of perishable commodities. Its primary function is to establish conditions in which private persons can undertake such tasks to the mutual advantage of producer and consumer. Any government which, in a formerly free country, assumes responsibilities such as are proposed in this Report (which will serve no doubt as a pattern for many others) will eventually break down under the load of deserved unpopularity which it will bear. The herring competes on the breakfast table with other delicacies; if the price rises as a result of control, sales will fall off; that the price will fall, consequent on nationalization or

rationalization, is contrary to all experience; the element of rigidity consequent on bureaucratic intervention on these lines is fatal to economic progress.

To hold these views is not to claim that nothing can be done for the industry by the State.

Almost half a million persons are daily fed, at the cost of rate- and tax-payers in the Armed Forces, in institutes and institutions, schools and colleges, prisons and asylums, infirmaries and casual wards. Only in rare cases do herrings figure, except in Scotland, on the bill of fare. They are popular at the table, but not in the kitchen or with the staff. They are "too much trouble." It is easier to get a consignment of frozen meat once a week from Smithfield. The Central Government, on whose bounty all local governments increasingly depend, has the duty, and therefore the right, to insist that a larger proportion of British-grown foodstuff, including fish, should find its way to the table of those who are fed by the State, whose example in this matter would do more than any amount of biochemical research.

The Committee do not refer, in this Report, to the two greatest barriers between the producer of fish and the consumer. The first is the scandalous congestion at Billingsgate; the second is the persecution of hawkers and bias against fried-fish shops by local authorities on the pretence of protecting public health. The Fishing Industry Report of 1932 (p. 132) restates the facts, long ago made public, as to Billingsgate. It is common ground that it is the most congested market in Europe, and one of the worst, and that it adds anything up to 20 per cent. to the price of all goods passing through the greatest fish-market in Europe. The City Corporation, who own it, have long been anxious to rebuild on a larger scale, but have failed to reach agreement with the Treasury as to the valuation to be placed on the site of the present ramshackle Customs House. It might have been expected that a Government so ready to subsidize industries would have been willing to forego

some part of the presumed value of the coveted site, in the interest of a trade for which they professed such solicitude, or of cheap food. Nothing has been done, though the capital sum at stake is reported to be less than £200,000.

As to hawkers, the Food Council's Report on Fish recommended: (1) That efforts should be made by consumers, fishmongers and fish-fryers to increase the consumption of herrings, "pound for pound the cheapest fish on the market." (2) That local authorities, when exercising their powers to regulate street trading and hawking, "should bear in mind that the street trader supplies a felt want to the public, especially to inhabitants of poor neighbourhoods, and that he is frequently in a better position to take advantage of gluts of fruit, fish, etc., than the shopkeeper."

Before the war, and before the mania for "control" had taken possession of public authorities, who were simple enough to believe that cheap food and plenty of it was the best passport to health, a glut of fish brought hundreds of hawkers' carts to Billingsgate and other markets for a load. They radiated from the cities through every suburb into the country, selling their wares for what they could get. Not so to-day. Local authorities require hawkers of fish to have a license for every county and borough, in which they may wish to trade. Licenses are obtainable only on personal application, at varying hours and dates, at different offices, and then only after full inquiry. The hawker has retired from the unequal contest with bureaucracy, leaving the field to the complacent fishmonger who prefers a steady price, and regular customers. What wonder that the frugal public buys less fish?

Both reports of the Sea-Fish Commission ignore the hawker: the Commission state (p. 33) that "consumers' demand does not permit the fishmonger taking more than relatively small quantities at a time." The possibility that individual hawkers, by selling cheaply and quickly might deal with gluts, is not discussed.

Both reports likewise are silent in regard to the fish-frying industry which, though it handles mainly white-fish, might well, as of old, play its part in popularizing the herring, as suggested by the Food Council.

Fish-frying is not an offensive trade under the Public Health Act of 1875, but by the Act of 1907 any local authority may classify and regulate it as such and, under the Act of 1925, prohibit the transfer of such a business from one shop to another. The London County Council, under their General Powers Act of 1908, have even wider powers and their regulations on this subject are not, like those of other authorities, subject to the approval of the Ministry of Health. The Town Planning Act of 1925 arms the local authorities with yet further powers against fried-fish shops, in which more than half of all the fish landed in England is cooked. There is indeed an appeal to Quarter Sessions against refusal of a license but, taken in conjunction with the cost of such proceedings, and the standing of the normal type of applicant, the remedy is inoperative. Moreover, at least one local authority recently declined either to give or to refuse a permit, thus defeating the law, for there is no legal enactment limiting the time within which a decision must be given. (In this case, of which I was personally informed, the trouble was "financial.") The trouble is circumvented in places by frying the fish in a motor van, which announces its presence by the welcome smell of its wares. Traffic is obstructed and costs are higher, but people get their bit of fish. The wonder is not that less fish is eaten but that consumption has not fallen off more rapidly.

The sinister aspect of this Report is the assumption, implicit on every page, that the sole remedy for a decaying industry is "control," to be exercised at every stage from the deep sea to the consumer at home and abroad.

The Commission have ignored the handicaps imposed

upon the retail sale of fish by local authorities: they have not even mentioned the crying scandal of Billingsgate. Yet both these handicaps are the result of Government action or inaction. The evil springs in fact, at least in part, from the source from which we are so optimistically told to look for its remedy. Politicians to-day are as convinced of the need for a "Board" as the medical profession a century ago were convinced of the virtues of blood-letting: and, like the old leeches, they have made no attempt to count the cost—to the patient. There is no estimate of the annual cost of the elaborate hierarchy which they desire to see established, at the cost of those whose activities are to be supervised. They make no attempt to compare the current retail price of herrings with that of competing comestibles at successive dates in the last ten or fifteen years.

The Commission profess to believe that the Herring Board, and the Herring Board alone, can recapture the export markets. The lost markets are in Russia, Poland and Germany. The first is unlikely to improve: why should it? When millions are short of bread, they will not buy salted herrings. The Polish market will not again be open to us. Poland aspires to possess fishing fleets worthy of her seaboard, and Norway is close at hand. Germany, too, is developing her own fishing fleet, and is bent on economic self-sufficiency. Herrings are not among the vital needs of the Reich.

In the home market the Commission strongly urge the necessity of immediate control as a method of equating costs to the price the consumer is prepared to pay—a principle the antithesis of that urged in the case of potatoes and milk. But nowhere is any indication given of where substantial savings would be made. Private enterprise will carry the additional cost of the very policy which restricts and finally abolishes it.

Nothing is more certain than that administrative machinery of this nature, superimposed on private

enterprise, must be more costly, if only because A plus B is greater than A, and no economies are in prospect. Centralized selling to local distributors is necessarily more expensive, whilst centralized distribution implies rationing of all commodities. Goods must find their own market at their own price, unless there is any real or artificial shortage or unless, alternatively, consumption is controlled as well as production and distribution.

In this scheme there is neither control by industry nor by the public: if Government intends to increase its intervention in industry it must be accompanied by public responsibility for the control of industries. People will not lose their liberty without evading or unloading their responsibility, and that, in this country as elsewhere, spells inflexibility, followed by shortage of supplies, and finally, as in Russia and the U.S.A., by a chaos of warring bureaucracies. Speaking on July 21, 1934, in Scotland, Mr. Baldwin said that the Government "had to look at the whole problem of the distribution of products in this country . . . the more these problems were tackled the more interference it would mean," and again, "there are no political principles of any kind that could cope with the kind of problems the Government had to cope with." Yet, speaking in the House of Commons fifteen months earlier, in reference to the nationalization of industry, he observed that "the weakness of amalgamations was that they tended to discourage initiative and flexibility, and quality . . . the industry that pulls through best is one run by a really competent individual who can adapt himself to the rapid changes of markets, and is unhampered by the vast amount of fixed capital possessed by big business. . . . No public management can ever give . . . flexibility."

"'O Cuckoo, shall we call thee bird, or only wandering voice?' State the alternative preferred, with reasons for your choice."

If we decide to accept this example, *in petto*, of bureaucracy as an effective agent of creative enterprise,

let us do so with open eyes. It involves, like other similar schemes, discrimination between rival industries, and inevitable demands for compensation in a second scheme interests adversely affected in the first.

In the words of President Lincoln quoted on September 30, by President Roosevelt—

> "The legitimate object of Government is to do for the community whatever they need to have done but cannot do at all or cannot do so well for themselves in their separate individual capacities."

The control and management of the herring industry does not come within this definition.

The defects of private enterprise in this as in other cases are due not to inherent and incurable ills, but on the one hand to changes in public taste and on the other to the failure of Government to undertake such simple measures, which a succession of committees have advised, to enable honest men to play their part in supplying public needs.

The alternative policy, and the better way, is for the Government to help with market sites, and not only in Billingsgate. Let them insist on a larger consumption of herrings by those who feed at the cost of the State: let them require local authorities to encourage hawkers of fish and fried-fish shops instead of harrying them. Let us, in fact, turn our thoughts from Abana and Pharphar, and wash in Jordan.

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The Death of Adventure

By John Simpson

I LIVED the first eighteen years of my life on the flat, bleak farm land of Huntingtonshire. The next two years were given to London and to the experience of learning how to live. It was a melancholy and troubling experience. An electric sign in a shipping company window became the focus of my interest as the discontent of living in London deepened. The fierce blue flame, running through a glass tube, told me that I should go to Australia. It was curious, moving through the noise and false excitement of London at night, throwing my memory back to the venerable oaks about our house in Huntingtonshire, and to the Fen country, spreading out to the limit of sight. And then casting my mind forward to what the tubular blue flame told me: that sunshine and happiness and prosperity were waiting for me on a sheep station in Australia. The idea formed itself slowly, and one day I dared to tell a friend of my plan. He was an ex-naval officer, middle-aged and sophisticated. His deep, slow, voice told me that I was a fool. "You do not go to places like that unless you have done something of which you are ashamed," he said, "you go to a sheep station if you wish to hide."

Nevertheless, I found myself steaming up past the sterile sand coast of Western Australia. I shared the stinking little ship with sheep and cattle, bound for Singapore, and perhaps a hundred passengers. We were four in one cabin, and my London wardrobe trunk, which was tied to my bunk with string. In the cyclone which came afterwards, the trunk beat and beat against the bunk with maddening monotony. There were four small pegs for our clothes, so our pants and vests and pyjamas hung from the electric light switches and odd projections. A small, inadequate fan stirred the warm air: but there was no refreshment or coolness from it. My companions were a shearer, with freckles as big

and brown as pennies; a civil servant, bound for Singapore; and a Jackeroo. The social compartments of the democratic country are confusing. A Jackeroo is a sort of tame gentleman on the sheep station. He eats with the manager but he works with the labourers. We came to the northern concave sweep of coast which yields pearls from the sea and wool from the land. As we lolled in the bar or hung over the rail, watching the eight-foot sharks slicing the blue water with their fins, the Jackeroo told me the law of his kind. I was also to be a Jackeroo and there were certain taboos which would help me on my way. He said, first of all, that I was to appear a complete fool. "You mustn't even know a sheep when you see one. Don't speak unless you are spoken to, be humble, and no matter how much you realize that you are living among uneducated Aussies, do not show it." I learned my lesson like a child.

Our third port was to be Onslow: it was curious to be told, through the wireless, that our objective had been blown away in a *willy-willy*—a cyclone. We turned our course out to sea to wait until the willy-willy passed and then, after ten hours of waiting, we steamed into the forlorn remnants of Onslow. The cyclone had followed nineteen inches of rain. Wind and water had torn the town to ribbons. The new concrete jetty had been swept out to sea, and a five-thousand gallon water tank had been whirled fifty feet into the air. The roofless buildings yawned, open to the pale blue sky. We anchored off the devastated town for six hours and then we steamed on. After three days, we entered the S-shaped harbour of the little port at which I was to land. Dry, clean heat swept over the flat sand land. There was neither life nor beauty in the landscape . . . unless the dismal mangroves were life, growing out of the dirty brown mud, their roots gnarled and hidden beneath clusters of oysters.

One two-storied building dominated the thin line of

buildings. It was the pub, which was to be my home for thirteen days. In this part of the north-west, the usual rainfall in a year is eight inches. But these were phenomenal times and there had already been twenty-five inches of rain in three months. The sheep station to which I was going was fifty miles inland. I could neither fly nor drive there. The landing ground was flooded and the road was lost in a succession of shimmering pools of rain water and flowing creeks. So I languished in the little pub, watching my body slowly change shape, assuming mighty bumps where the mosquitoes and sandflies fed upon me. The bar was the one comfortable place. There one moved towards the blocks of ice, thirsty for refreshment and escape from the monotonous heat. The talk among the van drivers and prospectors and shopkeepers was all of cricket and drink.

On the thirteenth day, the landing ground was clear of water and I was able to fly inland in an aircraft which had baked over the northern wastes for twelve years. It was closed and we were curled up inside, our suit-cases on our knees, our faces turned towards the one cracked celluloid window through which a jet of sickly-warm air came to our cheeks. For nearly two hours we flew over the barren country, leaving the sea behind us, seeing the river upon which the sheep station lay. At last we came to a cluster of gum trees and the aircraft descended on to the soft earth. We bumped towards a bedraggled contraption of a car, by which two men were standing. One was white and the other was black. The white man was the storekeeper. I found out afterwards that the walls of the store room were the horizon of his world. He was something of an emperor within his horizon, managing the store as if the Empire depended upon him. His one relaxation came in the quiet of his room where he curled himself up on his bed and played *Wandering* on his banjo. We motored about a mile, crossed the river to the plantation

of river gums and there I found the colony of buildings which were to be my home and my interest for—I did not know how long. The sand was rising in little eddies. Sometimes, in the weeks that followed, it rose in fine fury, obliterating the scene about us, covering everything with a brown-red film. The homestead was clean enough. Near was the half-completed shearing shed, planned, they told me, to be the biggest in all Western Australia. There was a maze of pens, a horse yard and a saddle room. But there were no sheep. The eighty thousand sheep were in the country beyond . . . the million and a quarter acres of miserable pasture upon which I was to work and ride and muster, in the months to come. The moral approach to my new life was depressing. As I walked towards the buildings one of the men offered me a cigarette. As I took it, he said, "You know, it is not safe to take other people's cigarettes here. There is a good deal of venereal disease and as they all make their own cigarettes it is rather risky to smoke them." Some of the men, I found, amused themselves with the black gins, and I was hardly on the station a week when one of the gins came to my room and suggested an alliance. When I rebuffed her, she shrugged her shoulders and said, "Well, will you lend me five shillings to play cards with?"

There were eight white men on the station. Three of them were seldom seen for they were the "out-camp" men who lived in miserable huts, far out on the vast station. They tended the boundaries and windmills, and the loneliness and drabness of their lives could not be described. The manager was short, round and grey. He was severe, kindly at times, and regular in having a liver every Friday. I arrived on a Friday and the date was the thirteenth. One of the men had been a sailor who had deserted twenty-six years before. He was old and thin and talkative. He was more of the earth than any of the others. He ate frogs and snakes and ducks' eggs, when the baby ducks were

already formed inside them. He had a taste for bawdy stories and he was the only man on the station who knew anything of the world outside.

The blacksmith was a little crazy and talked a great deal about nothing. He gave us morning tea in the blacksmith's shop each day. The enamel mugs were so old that the holes in them were filled with rusty rivets. The talk during these morning teas was of sheep and of sex. Their repression stained their conversation, day and night. The builder was silent; he had been away only twice in thirty years. There was a Welshman who wished, rather wistfully, to lead me away into a corner to talk of the old country. He always called it *Home*. The overseer was perhaps thirty-six, a romancer and a leg-puller. Once when I was out mustering with him, we had been away for some days and our food was becoming short and dull. He took a piece of bread and scattered dry curry powder on it. "You know," he said, "it's almost as good as dipping your bread in your curry gravy." There was one out-camp man so sore with disease that he always wore pyjamas beneath his dirty clothes. There was a Chinese cook, round and short, with eyes which were always sore from the colony of flies which fed on his eyelids. Added to this company were about one hundred aborigines who were paid about ten shillings a week.

The isolation was terrible. They seemed to live unconscious of time or of any incident beyond the station boundaries. They never used their watches, because the sand choked them. So when we were out camping, we lived by the sun and we ate when we were hungry. In truth, they were afraid of the world. They told me of the few times when they had dared to go to Perth for a holiday. They had been lonely and anxious to be back on the station. They would not dare go in a lift, and one of the miracles of which they spoke, again and again, was the sliding staircase in a Perth store. They had gazed at it, but had not dared

to use it. The sliding staircase was exceeded only by a Werlitzer organ which rose from the orchestral well of a cinema. They had wined freely and when they saw the floor moving and the organist rising with his manuals, they had feared delirium tremens and rushed from the theatre. "The life outside has become too complicated for us," they said. Some of them did not even read newspapers, and there were no books. One day I found myself reading the labels on the fruit tins in a desperate effort to break away from the incessant thought and talk of *sheep, sheep, sheep*.

When I had been on the station four days I made my first expedition out into the blue with the overseer and four black men. We walked our horses about seven miles, to the one hundred and fifty thousand acre paddock which we were to muster. We came to the gate about ten o'clock and the most competent aborigine was sent out to ride round the vast boundary and drive the sheep towards the centre. There were three thousand sheep in the paddock. A second aborigine followed, about half a mile behind the first and he, in turn, drove the sheep still nearer to the centre, where the overseer and I waited for the final mustering. A third and a fourth aborigine followed numbers one and two, slowly decreasing the area covered by the flock until they were a dense, undulating lake of sand-stained wool. In the evening we drove them back to the shades of the river gums and to the homestead, for sorting and marking.

The overseer and I shared a leg of mutton and a billy of tea for our lunch: we had neither vegetables nor fruit. The aborigines ate their food about a hundred yards from us, chattering like apes. I saw my first kangaroo, leaping a clay pan of water. He was as tall as myself. When lunch was over, I rested my head on my saddle, covered my face with my handkerchief and slept.

In the weeks that followed, I made longer expeditions. One lasted fourteen days. Our food was grander

for these journeys for we took tinned jams and fruit, but not in abundance. The food travelled in a cart, with a frying pan, our mosquito nets and our blankets. Sometimes at night we became festive, relieving the monotony of mutton with the white meat of a snake or the tail of a kangaroo. The meat of the kangaroo was sweet—"bonzer sweet meat," the overseer called it. The method of cooking the meat was crude. The overseer would throw the leg of mutton on to the camp fire. Snakes, lizards and bread were cooked in the same way. When they were apparently baked to a cinder, they were dragged out and scraped until the succulent centre was reached. The men had strange prejudices in eating. They would not eat pork because, they said, pigs ate offal. Nor would they eat sausages because, they said, they were made from old, cheap bullocks.

Life in the homestead was dull, hot and monotonous. There were no games except a pack of filthy cards. The meals were the same every day. Mutton chops for breakfast, leg of mutton for lunch, and shoulder of mutton for tea. There were sparse vegetables, once a day, but neither potatoes nor milk. Slow deterioration had reduced most of the men to lazy acceptance of discomfort and dirt. The rooms were never clean, and although there were cows in the paddocks, nobody ever bothered to milk them until the last week, before I left the station.

A month passed before my cabin trunk and portable gramophone were brought from the port. The flood water had abated slowly. But I had told them of my gramophone and of the cheerful new records which I would play for them on the evening. The wardrobe trunk and the gramophone arrived one day when I was mustering, and I returned to find the men deeply perplexed. "The gramophone has arrived," they said, "but it is very big and we cannot undo the locks." I found that they had attacked my wardrobe trunk,

thinking that it was the gramophone. They were amazed that I should have more clothes than would fit into the little gramophone case. I played the records for them in the evening; Tauber did not thrill them and Bing Crosby's American accent irritated them. They preferred old tunes, they said. One which they loved was "Wheezy Anna." Their songs were quick and noisy. One astonishing parody was sung almost every night.

When the moon shines bright on Charlie Chaplin,
His boots are cracking
For want of blacking.
And his tiny trousers
They want mending
Before they send him
To the Dardanelles.

I could never trace the origin of the song. It was just "one of the old ones" to them. The card games we played were "bush" conceptions of simple nursery games. Only once I inveigled them into playing bridge and then it was easy to get a grand slam with a Meziar hand. There were two flutters of social elegance on the station every year, one, when the manager and his wife came up for the shearing. Then a tennis court was formed on the hard, flat ground in the home paddock, and the men made their gesture on Sunday afternoon when they wore a tie to drink tea with the only white woman they ever saw on the station from one year's end to another. The other lively occasion was shearing time, in May. Then forty tough shearers came from the coast. Their gramophones and songs sounded in the bungalow, long into the night. Yet the station staff made no move to join in their revels. The same hum-drum life went on in the homestead, with just a slight enlivening of talk. Some of the shearers could clip two hundred sheep in a day and the payment for this was thirty-six shillings. One had to travel far during the shearing time, mustering the sheep in the distant paddocks. I went with the overseer, mustering as many as five thousand sheep a day, travelling farther and farther away,

at last reaching a point twenty miles from the homestead. One night, as I lay on the earth, sheltered under the cart and by the mosquito net which was hung from posts in the ground, I smoked my last cigarette and watched the southern cross hanging low in a deep sapphire sky. I was cool in my pyjamas. My companion never bothered to undress at night. I watched him crawl under his net and then I rolled eight cigarettes for the next day. This was the last little duty before sleep. I awoke as the stars were fading: dim points of topaz light, fading before the fuller fire of the rising sun. I remember being more aware of the beauty of the dawn than upon any other day in the north-west. Then I moved upon my hard bed and I realized that my body was sore. I sat up and found that my legs and arms were covered by ugly sores, like old boils. The overseer was not yet awake. I was terrified. I remembered the warning about accepting cigarettes and I recalled the first cigarette which I had accepted on my first day on the station. I crept over the ground and sat by the overseer until he was awake. I showed him my sores, but he was neither sympathetic nor impressed. "A touch of Barcoo rot," he said. "Not enough vegetables . . . . the mosquitos and the sudden change of climate." I lay on the ground all day, deeply melancholy. Next day I worked, riding many miles with the sores rubbing against my saddle. For a week I went on with the mustering and at the end of this time I went back to the homestead with sixty-eight sores on my legs and arms. The flesh on my legs was rotting and I could pull it away with my hands like tenderly cooked meat. From then on, my memory is dim. I travelled into the port hospital in a truck, fifty miles in four hours, over a merciless road. The truck had been full of sheep the day before and their smell attracted myriads of flies which crawled on me and fed on my sores. Then, I remember, I lay on a bed while the doctor and the nurse sat beside me, one cutting open the sores on the

right side of my body, the other cutting the ones on my left. I stayed in the hospital four days before I suddenly realised that nothing in the world would induce me to become a sheep farmer: that I could not face another month of the monotony. So I went back over the fifty miles of road and I packed my things and I said "Good-bye." They were silent when they helped me to put my luggage on the car. There had been only one inkling of what they felt. One of them had walked a little way with me, in the cool of the evening. "You are right to go," he said. "If I had my time over again, I would not come here. It's living death, you know. That's what it is. It's no place for a boy like you. No place for any boy."

So I travelled south again, in the little steamer. Nearer and nearer to Perth, to a hospital, to green vegetables and vitamin B. It was for this that my blood was thirsty. The thousands of bleating sheep were still searching the dry acres for their food. The storeman was still playing *Wandering* on his banjo, and the little round Chinese cook was still brushing the ravaging flies from his eye-lids. I was in cool sheets, wondering, a little selfishly perhaps, if they would miss me. As the days passed and as I lay in hospital in Perth, I came to wonder more and more and perhaps learn something of the miracle of human nature. It was only with the perspective of weeks that I realized the quiet nobility of character that lay hidden within the inarticulate sheep farmers whom I left in the dismal little colony beside the river gums.

Indian Art and The Bombay Movement

By W. E. Gladstone Solomon

IT is probably merely one more anomaly in a subject which reeks of anomalies, that while so much has been said and written about India in very recent times, so little public attention has been focused upon India's most interesting and most useful feature, her ubiquitous arts and crafts. Miss Mayo's lurid picture of "Mother India," which had an enormous popular vogue, ignored this characteristic side of India altogether! The report of the Simon Commission was in a very different category, and yet this all-round survey of the subject conveyed nothing about India's leading asset, the remarkable productive capacity and the creative genius of artists and craftsmen.

It is a fashion to leave art out of the agenda when discussing India's present and future, as though this artist's country *par excellence* were only a subject for political argument and counter-argument. Yet, personal acquaintance with India ought to convince even those who are absorbed in the fascinating discussion of political conundrums that the solution of these might well be hastened by the development of India's wonderful resources in art; it is not idle or sentimental philosophy but sound economics to encourage the people to do what they happen to be able to do so supremely well, not only on account of the æsthetic value of their contribution, but for the world market, which is asking vainly to-day for Indian crafts.

The general indifference to the sad neglect of the Indian arts and crafts, in spite of the fact that Indian public opinion has been reawakened and that in India itself—particularly in the western districts—there is a very genuine recrudescence of interest in the subject, is due to several causes. A good deal of attention, comparatively speaking, has been focused in this country

on the fact that there is controversy on the subject of art in India, and quite recently Mr. John de la Valette deplored this controversy in a speech in London. But I do not agree that controversy in itself is anything but a hopeful sign, and I feel quite sure that Mr. Frank Rutter's dictum that there can be no progress without controversy is a very sound one in matters relating to art. What is not so hopeful, however, but has delayed or stultified much effort for constructive progress in Indian art, has been the very singular propaganda (which is of European and not of Indian origin) against the so-called deorientalising of Indian art through Western influence. The facile but thoroughly unsound suggestion that Western influence must be baneful, has found its chief, though not its only, support among well-meaning Western sympathisers who, being naturally impressed by the agreeable strangeness of the archaic Indian tradition, naïvely insist upon having the dry husk of this tradition, and are alarmed at the present-day tendencies of a good many Indians towards the discovery of new modes of expression in art. As it happens, this type of conscientious but shallow-thinking objector has done incalculable harm to the cause of art in India. He has lowered the artistic standards under the specious pretext of a passionate preference for the past, and in some extreme cases has even depreciated the Mogul influence in India because the Moguls were originally extraneous to India! The trouble is that the wide dissemination of these reactionary theories has furnished the pessimists, both official and otherwise, with handy catchwords about deorientalising Indian art, and about Lord Macaulay's baleful influence, and they have sometimes used this ingenious but unhappily conceived propaganda to conceal their own neglect of this important subject. It is better to do nothing—so runs the argument—than to do something and to do it wrong. It is better to let the Indian arts and crafts wither from inanition than to taint the well of Indian art, pure and

undefiled, with the brackish stream of Western influence.

It is only fair to say that I have known very few Indians who are prepared to advocate such a narrow and unpractical principle. The noisy few who have done so in Bengal and London have followed the example of Mr. E. B. Havell, who has been dubbed " the European father of the New Bengal School " of Painting. This inventor, to whom the chief credit for the idea of Indian exclusiveness in art is due, was in charge of the Government School of Art in Calcutta from 1900 to 1907. That is to say that Mr. Havell did not appear upon the scene until more than a generation after the founding in Bombay of the first Government School of Art through the generosity of Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy from 1854 to 1857. In some of its earlier stages the new Art School was conducted by Mr. Terry, Mr. Lockwood Kipling,* and Mr. John Griffiths, under whose guidance the students revealed their admirable capacities in many and various branches of art.

In those early days—and, it may be added, ever since—the Governors of Bombay displayed that keen personal interest in the school and its students which has been so useful a factor in its history; and this patronage, which has included such able administrators as Sir Bartle Frere and Lord Lloyd, might well have proved as useful to the revival of art in India as Marshal Lyautey's admirable constructive efforts for the revival of the arts and crafts in Morocco, if it had not been for the timidity of Laodicean officials and the reactionary clamour of " Havellism."

It may be well to enumerate briefly some types of applied art which Indian craftsmen of the Bombay Presidency and Indian States are still producing in spite of all discouragements and the desperate want of organization and protection for the sweated workers. Their crafts include pottery and glazed tiles, calico

* His famous son, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, was born in a house in the garden of the school.

printing, carpet and cotton weaving, embroideries, gold and silver thread work, hand-woven silks, inlaid work, ivory carving, jewellery, *kinkhab* (gold embroidery), lace, lacquer, brass, copper and iron-work, wood carving, stone cutting, and many others. The sons of these craftsmen come to the Bombay School of Art for training in the applied art section of the school. Naturally, in that institution at least, it is considered as more important for India than the Western codes of education and theoretical discussions upon Indian art, which are so freely being offered to Indians today, that the Indian crafts should be saved from disintegration under the long strain of neglect, and owing to the exploitation of the poor but gifted people who produce their beautiful things for the enrichment of astute middle-men. Bombay has fought hard in recent times on behalf of this view.

The people of India possess artistic gifts of unique quality, a fact which must be ubiquitously impressed upon all intelligent visitors to that country. The robing of the humblest Indian women, and their unerring taste in colours, exhibit the æsthetic instinct of the people no less than the brilliant brocades and *sari* borders of the women of the wealthy classes. The wonderful feeling for design, line and colour is apparent even in the domestic drawings in coloured powders which are made by women and boys on occasions of festival on the thresholds of their homes, and illuminated at night by little lamps of coconut oil. These pictures, or *Rangoli* drawings, which are common all over the Bombay Presidency, often exhibit amazing facility for freehand drawing, deftness of touch and skill in execution. Athough these domestic drawings have deteriorated in many quarters owing to the craze for imitating the realistic effects of European commercial art, the *Rangoli* may still be seen in all its time-honoured simplicity in many a village in Western India. It is the primitive basic sense of pattern that permeates the art of India, just as

the appreciation of mass does that of Europe. I have seen a baby of three years old seriously engaged in drawing his *Rangoli* alongside his mother; and this widespread necessity for self-expression in design is the national artistic birthright.

Thus the real artistic strength of the Indian people lies in their decorative capacity. But it would be very rash to urge, as is often done, that because this is the case Indians are unable to handle other more realistic forms of artistic expression, such as portrait and landscape painting, by which many Indian artists are forced to make a living nowadays, or commercial art, which is becoming an obvious field of enterprise for young artists in India. However one's own preferences may lead one towards the more specifically Oriental aspects of Indian art, it is useless to resist the onset of the inevitable. The realistic trend of a good deal of Indian art to-day is founded upon cheap and bad examples from Europe, but this temporary phase may be rectified. It cannot be rectified, however, by the negative propaganda of the New Bengal School, which has sought to ban all facilities for teaching Western methods; the proper course to follow is to improve the standards of training in the Indian art schools and to set good instead of inferior examples of European art before the people. The genuine, distinctive and remarkable gift of Indian artists for decorative composition, space filling, and lineal design, is evidenced in their humblest patterns to-day, as it was two thousand years ago in the mural paintings of the Ajanta caves; and this faculty is the foundation on which the Bombay school of art has built up its liberal system of training.

In this liberal system the Bombay School has differed strongly from the Calcutta School. It gives its students a practical all-round training to fit them to earn their living to-day as artists; and thus maintains fully-organized life classes and classes for nature study, both for painters and sculptors, an architectural section which

trains students up to the Royal Institute of British Architects' final examination, as well as classes of Indian design, mural painting, and those applied arts which are, of course, the essential foundations of any Indian art school. It is very important when considering the divergence of view among the different Indian Provinces, to remember that no other school of art in India provides this advanced training in architecture, sculpture and painting, and that, consequently, students of the other art schools, including the Calcutta School of Art, frequently come to complete their studies to the Bombay School.* I recall that, when I took over charge of this school in 1919, its students numbered about 300. They now number some 600, in spite of the fact that all fees have necessarily been raised during the intervening period, and the only difficulty is to accommodate the large numbers who present the drawing certificates which entitle them to admission.†

In view of the above facts and of my own experience, I am not inclined to sympathize with the question I frequently hear raised in London as to the advisability of giving India art schools when India's own art is so much more interesting than any that we can teach them. Such a facile query ignores the burning question of supply and demand, which not only makes the art schools necessary, but necessitates training which will equip students with the means of developing *the extremely different gifts for art* exhibited by Hindus, Mahomedans, Christians, and Parsees, and will help them to put these gifts to the practical use of earning a livelihood.

* Mr. S. T. Sheppard has written in his well-known book, *Bombay*: "The School has carried its reconstructive work considerably beyond the sentimental restricted teaching of the 'New Bengal School' which its founder based upon archaisms, and which (though to some extent patronized in Europe) has never secured anything like the wide-spread popular support which the Indian public have accorded to the Western Indian Movement."

† Only last year the Bombay Government had the old buildings of the School of Art, in which Mr. Lockwood Kipling held his classes from 1865 to 1875, renovated and repaired so as to meet the great influx of students.

But how are first-class schools of art to be maintained? No art school can flourish in India without the support of official, as well as private, patronage. This fact was well understood in the early history of the Bombay School, for the records show that students were employed in many kinds of work for public enterprises in Bombay. It is deplorable that so great an opportunity as the creation of New Delhi offered was utilized to so infinitesimal an extent for encouraging Indian arts and crafts; the reluctance of the two architects mainly responsible for that undertaking to support our urgent representations on that subject will not soon be forgotten in Western India, which bore the whole burden of these representations and the brunt of a battle which has *not* been wholly lost. The opportunities for Indian art to-day are world-wide; it is not talent (there is plenty of talent in India) but clear and competent organization that is required. Numerous visitors to the Bombay School of Art have expressed their admiration and amazement at the beautiful things which can be made in India to-day, and have urged that these would be eagerly acquired in America, Europe, or the Colonies if they were only obtainable.

It is not my purpose, and has never been the intention of Bombay, to criticize the pictures of the new Bengal School which have secured a certain popularity in London and America, although very little in India itself. Anyone who has seen these pictures knows that they are conventionalized and rather sombre water-colours, generally with a strong Japanese flavour; and anyone who knows India knows that it is one of the most radiantly sunny countries in the whole world, and will understand the natural desire of the Western Indian artist to interpret some of the infinite variety and splendour of India's kaleidoscopic colours; for the inhabitants of Western India live in that part of the country in which are situated the noblest monuments of Indian art, including the wonderful shrines of Ajanta, Ellora and Elephanta. The distance

of a thousand miles or so which separates Calcutta from Bombay is no mere geographical division, but has its natural reactions in historical, linguistic, and artistic differentiation between the two provinces.

Bombay has never claimed any monopoly in art in India for any school or artist, but believes that there is ample necessity for a liberal tolerance for many divergences of artistic expression in a country of three hundred million people; but Bombay strongly objects to unprovoked and misleading criticism of the work of its own artists and students, which has definitely resulted in some obscuring of the aim, objects and results of the Bombay movement towards reorganization and restoration. For instance, it is really regrettable that in his last edition of "Indian Painting and Sculpture" Mr. Havell, in the course of one of his literary raids upon students of the Bombay School, should have referred to what he is pleased to call "the damnable defect of the whole system."* And yet Bombay has been accused of provincialism because it has of late years been forced to defend its sound and long-matured views in art training for Indian students, and because it has claimed the place in the sun for its own artists which their excellent work deserves. It is very natural, in view of the criticism that has fallen to the share of the Bombay artists, that the people of Western India should have protested through public meetings and the nationalist and official organs of public opinion, against the suggestion that the somewhat mechanical and inanimate mural paintings which adorn India House in Aldwych are representative of all India. These were done by four Bengali artists who had studied at the Royal College of Art, South Kensington, and they were executed under the supervision of the Principal of that institution; and it is no more equitable to talk about one corner of the Lower Ganges as "representative" of "Indian art"

* "Mr. Havell's assertions are often unsound and sometimes cruel; 'damnable defect' is harsh comment on a fellow-officer's work."—*Burlington Magazine*, February, 1934.

than it would be to talk of one of the Balkan States as representative of the art of Europe. One does not blame Calcutta, from which Mr. Havell has told us that he swept away all art training (as that term is usually understood), for falling back upon the Royal College of Art, because the same fate would certainly have overtaken Bombay if it had followed this example and "swept away" its own sound methods of teaching art. But Western India's desire to be also represented in the scheme of Indian decoration at India House is as well justified and as well founded as any amalgam of Calcutta and South Kensington. The sooner this fair request is admitted, the sooner will Londoners be able to visualize what Art in India is like, and the better will it be for that claim for impartiality which the authorities of India House so earnestly profess. India House furnishes one instance only of the side-tracking of Bombay's opinion. For in spite of sterile controversies as to how, when, and where Indian artists are to be allowed to paint, several hopeful schemes have been put forward on behalf of the Indian arts and crafts in the course of the last fifteen years, and it would be a mistake to suppose that the great art-producing districts in Western India, which, as we have seen, furnished the fertile soil for artistic revival in that country, and which maintain its largest and most comprehensive school of art, have neglected altogether to continue their efforts. A real advance in the Bombay movement towards reconstruction in the arts and crafts was made very early in Lord Lloyd's administration as Governor of that Province.

In 1920 a scheme was put forward from Bombay for utilizing the vast enterprise of New Delhi to a moderate extent on behalf of reviving the Indian arts and crafts, and this scheme, which was known as the Prize of Delhi, was advocated for several years, notably in the Council of State by Sir Phiroze Sethna, and at Wembley by Lord Lloyd, in 1924. This hopeful plan included all the Indian Provinces, and was designed to secure post-graduate opportunities for the Indian art schools.

This scheme almost coincided with a proposal for the improvement of the Indian arts and crafts which had reached the Government of India from Lt. de la Coze, and which, though strongly supported officially by the Government of Bombay, had been condemned by the India Society on Mr. Havell's scathing criticism. But this time it did seem to many of us who were anxiously working for something constructive in India that the depressing omens had at last been falsified; a powerful Indian Committee was formed in Bombay, including many Indian Provinces, and after Lord Lloyd's address appealing to the India Society for support it seemed that we *had* secured the support of that Society. But the Prize of Delhi scheme had not emanated from Bengal, and so parochial commentators felt it incumbent upon themselves to issue vivid denunciations of this fresh instance of Bombay's "deorientalizing" designs on Indian art. The India Society, like Brer Fox, "lay low," and the Government of India dropped the scheme for want of support. Fortunately, Lord Lloyd's brilliant, but all too brief, constructive efforts for the resurrection of the arts and crafts in India had been stabilized by his foresight in instituting a class of mural painting (founded upon scholarships) and organized life classes, and encouraging broad developments in architectural training. It was, of course, absolutely necessary to get some sort of recognition out of New Delhi, of the fact that an effort was being made to raise standards in India, and that patronage was to be had (even in an official enterprise in that country!) for Indian art students; after eight years of constant hammering away at this matter by such constructive and eloquent advocates of art as Sir Phiroze Sethna, Mr. M. R. Jayakar, Mr. K. H. Vakil, and other indefatigable workers, whose efforts were supported by governors like Sir Leslie Wilson and Sir Frederick Sykes, some Indian students from the Bombay and Lahore Schools and artists from Bombay were admitted to do some painting on the domes and walls of New Delhi. The Bengali artists, as

Mr. Shillidy stated in the Council of State not long ago, did not participate in this scheme!

One of the main problems which faces India's well-wishers in Britain and elsewhere was well summarized by a distinguished Indian observer who once remarked to me, "The trouble is that English people usually admire in our work what we do not care for, and that we appreciate in theirs what they do not admire." Simple as this statement appears to be, it really embodies the crux of the controversy about Indian art to-day. Elsewhere I have written: "There are really two ways in which the Western world can look at modern Indian art. One is the view that India is a museum and emporium and must be strictly preserved as such by an admiring (but unhelpful) world, for the world's instruction and amusement, and for the acquisitive instincts of the few. . . .

"It is twenty times easier to give a man sympathy than to give him the time, trouble and expense of practical help. It is fifty times easier to tell the Indian student that he is being deorientalized by foreign art than to assist him practically to master the technique of oil-painting; and it is a hundred times easier to sit down and pour out regretful sentimental effusions upon the past of Indian painting, sculpture and architecture, than it is to help to shape a course for their advance to-day."*

India is tired of sentimental Anglo-Saxon lectures on Yoga, Oriental Philosophy, and Transcendental Æsthetics; of pious foreign exhortations to be "*Indian*" at all costs, which remind one too forcibly of the fable of the drowning man who was lectured by the passer-by for having got into the water instead of first being helped out of his dilemma! The arts and crafts in India must first be helped out of the Slough of Despond, and the only two Western contributions which will tend towards that desideratum are technique and patronage. Let us concentrate on these crying necessities; let us cease at last to treat Indian art as something so essen-

* "Essays on Mogul Art."

tially different from art elsewhere that it must be segregated and allowed to perish amidst a chorus of pathetic but unhelpful lamentations. My experience after seventeen years of India is that Indians desire to be given, not preferential treatment, but facilities for training, absolute freedom for self-expression, and such fair chances as may arise for competition in the world arena. Only very recently an Indian student won the Gold Medal and a Travelling Scholarship at the Royal Academy Schools of London for sculpture. Very recently, too, the Viceroy, Lord Willingdon, conferred on an Indian artist the honour of painting his portrait, and the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Philip Chetwode, had the happy inspiration of similarly encouraging another Indian artist.† One ounce of such practical assistance is worth a ton of sentiment for India to-day; for, if such examples as these are followed, Indian art will not only be justified, but Indian artists will be able to live. Another really hopeful indication that the Bombay movement is coming into its own is that the India Society proposes to hold an exhibition of Modern Indian Art in London in which the Provinces will be separately represented. Let us hope that this is a sign of the escape of that Society from those reactionary influences through which it has missed many golden opportunities in the past, and of its functioning as a constructive and really helpful ally.

Let us hope, above all, that these genial hints of a return to the older and more rational British view (which, alas! was never made fully effective) will mark the end of the long paralysis of optimism, and the initiation of an energetic policy for the support and encouragement on the broadest lines of Indian architecture, sculpture, painting, and the arts and crafts; for therein lies the royal road to India's restoration to her pristine cultural prestige among the nations, and the welfare of her gifted people.

† It seems only fair to name these three artists, who are all graduates of the Bombay School. They are, respectively, Messrs. Kamat, Acharerker, and D'Cruz. The present Governor of Bombay, Lord Brabourne, is displaying keen interest in the work of Indian art students, and artists.

"Detachment" and the Fictionist

By Wyndham Lewis

[*Parts I and II of this article appeared in the October number of* THE ENGLISH REVIEW.]

III

BUT to return to the specific problem of the contemporary fictionist—and it is, of course, the Anglo-Saxon fictionist with whom particularly we are occupied. We have to ask ourselves, at this stage, if there is, in fact, any compulsion upon him to represent and echo the Everyman of the moment, as that individual becomes more, or less, militant; and again, as that Everyman is seen to become more and more violently divided against himself—so that there are in practice *two* or more contradictory Everymen, at this moment. Which of the two or more Everymen is he to serve, if he must be the servant of somebody? And how is his celebrated artist's "detachment" to fare, in the centre of these warring factions?

However, leaving the political and religious questions aside for a moment, let us turn to the parallel problem of the essential singularity of men; let us, in other words, go behind their organizations and collectivities to their individual selves, and ask ourselves how exclusively the artist must be the servant of *organized* man, if at all? Is the fictionist's hero imposed upon him, by *force majeure*, of a dogmatic majority, or has he a wide choice of types to choose from, as a general thing? Is it best for him to angle for the anarchist, in Everyman, or for the herd-creature?

Is the world at any given time, then, within limits, *one* personality, or is it a plurality? That is what we must now decide. Has the artist a choice of characters—some lethargic and discouraged, some full of inextinguishable pep; some idealistic, some of the earth earthy?

Or has he, in an intense response to life, no choice? Is there only *one* soul at bottom with which he can fill his pages?

If you narrow down the earth to one nation, and ask the same question, what is the reply? As there is apparently a *Miss 1934* of sorts in every nation, so there is, presumably, a *Mr. 1934*. Is this Everyman the embodiment of the dominant soul of the nation at that moment—to the exclusion, for all practical purposes, of any other, more nonconformist, souls? And is the artist compelled to *star* this soul in his books? Must *he* be the hero? If, for instance—to take at random a group of English novelists—if Messrs. L. A. G. Strong, O'Faolan, Hanley, Evelyn Waugh, Powys or Carodoc Evans, wish to be fully effective, must the true hero of all their books be, in some sense Mister England (*Model 1934*)—or, I beg their pardon of some of them, *Mister Ireland* or *Mister Wales?* That is a useful question to ask, for it serves to focus attention upon the political problem, where the fictionist is concerned.

To put this question in another way: Suppose, for whatever reason a given fiction writer is impelled to write principally about the lives of the Black Fellows of the Victoria and Fitzmaurice rivers, in tropical Australia, say, or, on the other hand, about the Esquimaux of Alaska. Both these are small, dying peoples. They are of no great functional importance in the social metabolism of the world at the present time. A contemporary German of Berlin, or of an American of Chicago, on the other hand, is the member of a great historic nation, involved in colossal historic issues (according to our human scale). Write a book displaying this typical German, or typical American, in action—a specimen alive enough to be shaken by all the questions of his time and place—and your advantage, in the general interest of your subject-matter, is enormous. Write your book about the birth, life and death of a man of the Warai tribe, or of a hut-living Alaskan Esquimau, and, in

spite of the theoretic universal significance of the birth, life and death of *any* man, you will be writing under a great handicap.

No longer any glamour to speak of attaches to the Black Fellow or the Esquimau. There is therefore *no* advantage whatever, or so it would seem, in taking for your hero a man with so *numerically* small a backing of brother-Everymen as is the Warai or the Alaskan native. Even an Esthonian, or Icelandic, fictionist, labours under the same disadvantage, in competition with the American, German, or Japanese. As far as nations go, it is the numerical factor apparently that counts—that and the factor of sheer technical horse-power. It is a question, it would seem, almost, of the millionaire against the pauper! The one can give effect and expansion to his will and instincts, good or bad, the other cannot. Money is power, or power is money, they are commutative terms ultimately; so your "great novel" or "great play" must be about a man or men belonging to a very numerous, powerful, technically advanced, national entity. The birth, life and death of the Fuegan savage will look poor and remote, like the existence of a bug on the moon, or a frog in Sirius; the quality of the waves, as they lap against the wharf at Magellanes, or as they rush along under the continental cliffs in the Straits of Magellan, is singular and novel, perhaps, artistically. But romance —the values of a romantic age—would be its only claim to great importance; and romance, in that sense, is extinct. A *little* of it lingers in the Bay of Whales, it may be; but it is no longer quite a reality. So there you are. Ultimately for the fiction writer it is London or New York or nothing—Moscow or Berlin—mass-man with the maximum of *numerical* counterparts to give him significance. Or so it would seem, if the argument I have outlined cannot be withstood and must be accepted. And, further, from this argument it appears to follow that the only thing that ever had the power to outweigh and checkmate the *numerical* factor was romance.

"Romance," that is to say, an appeal to something outside the machine, an individualistic emotion; for the romantic travellers have always shown the *individual* in a strange and unknown place, an *Ultima Thule*. And a strange and unusual man in a *familiar* place is much the same thing.

There is an important school of critical political *literati* in America, of which Messrs. Edmund Wilson and Max Eastman may be mentioned as shining lights, strong in the Marxist faith and persuasive controversialists, who would seek to convince us that art *without* politics is nonsense. For certain types of art, that is, at the present time, I believe true—though the politics of Eastman and Wilson are not the *only* politics. I do not see how the politics in question could be other than the internationalism of communist politics on the one hand, or of revolutionary nationalism on the other—which of these two they happened to be would depend upon the historic and geographic character of the nation in question, and the individual make-up of the artist, I suppose. But your choice lies between *two* schools, no more, I think.

But this applies only to certain kinds of art, of that I am certain. The drama, dramatic artistic expression of any kind—the arts of *action*—would have to submit, I think, to the requirements of the Eastman and Wilson political criterion—in fiction, to be specific, books of the type of "The Brothers Karamazov." For if you are dealing in human drama, and are using the contemporary scene, there are to-day *such* "subjects made to your hand"—if you are "a writer of plays" or a writer of novels, dramatic in conception—as no dramatist worth his salt could neglect; and of such vast significance and such exclusive human appeal, as to *compel* you to take them and use them. When such sheer *subject-matter* as the new struggle for ascendancy in America, released by Roosevelt, is going forward—when there is the colossal

drama of Soviet world-aggression in the interests of a new materialist-economic world-order, or on a smaller scale, but still involving the whole civilized world, the drama of Nazidom—when such sheer subject-matter as this is lying about, what, indeed, is the dramatic author doing, we could very well ask, if he neglected to make use of it?

Should you, on the other hand, ask me: *Must* then all art to-day without distinction be political? I should, of course, have to answer, No. As it presents itself to me, there is a great deal of artistic expression, even, that *cannot* be political however much it might be desired to make it so. The waves breaking against the labyrinth of rocks, or upon the stone island, in front of Mogador, or upon the coast of Teneriffe, to take a single illustration from nature, and from our own hemisphere, is a part of the subject-matter of the greatest art, of the sort of art understood supremely by the great artists and poets of China and Japan. And politics you cannot get into that. There is no politics in a volcano, though political situations are often described as "volcanic." There is no *Left* and no *Right* in a storm at sea; there is neither salvation by Lenin nor salvation by Hitler in a black tulip or a red rose.

The dramatic form, again, in the great Athenian drama, or the Tudor drama, has furnished the world with some of the greatest examples of literary art. But the dramatic art—the most *human*, admittedly—is not the only art, or even the most characteristic of some civilizations; though it has been, in the titanic tradition of European art—the "dionysiac," as it was called by the typical Teutonic titan, Nietzsche—of supreme importance. Sad stories of the death of kings—or of dictators, or of any other political entities—are not the *only* stories; nor is violent death the only theme of art. "The Athenian stage got (comic) relief through the chorus; and perhaps some of its tragedy may have held attention largely by its sensationalism," Mr. T. S. Eliot asserts in his book "The

Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism." And too much of the appeal of almost all tragedy is sensational, beyond question. So, whereas in a perfectly intelligent society there would be a minimum of drama—whereas "tragedy" is the history of the folly and failure of some man or woman—whereas violence is a weakness and a blemish, from the purely artistic standpoint—whereas quite as much of the greatest art has been and always must be undramatic as dramatic, and not susceptible of political treatment in any imaginable way; in view of this it is essential to put down, in any truly critical non-propagandist statement upon such questions as these, that a great deal of art, and of a kind that should be zealously encouraged, stands outside the political field altogether and outside the field of organized religion as well. But a great deal stands *inside* it. And the "fictionist" since "fiction" is mainly drama, or descriptive of social life, must be peculiarly handicapped if he is politically ignorant of or unsusceptible to the great revolutions of opinion of his time.

IV.

I have given it as my opinion that it is peculiarly difficult, at the present time, for a fiction writer, especially, to stand above the *mêlée*, and to function as an instrument of impartial truth, or anything of that sort. It is even undesirable that, as a dramatic writer, he should pretend to do so, I have suggested. (Where *not* a dramatic writer, I have indicated, I do not see how politics *can* be brought home to him—to such books as "The Turn of the Screw," or even "The Misfortunes of Elfin.") But I have also made plain how necessary I consider it to be to preserve intact the famous "detachment" of the artist and the man of science—even in the midst of faction, even for the purposes of the crudest and most sensational dramatical rough-stuff. But there is more to it than that—it is even desirable to maintain the technique of "detachment" if for no other reason than that,

as a partisan, you will be exceedingly ineffective without it! You will find, to your great discomfort, if you give yourself up entirely to subjective judgment and subjective methods, that your one-sided vision will lose all its edge; in order to special-plead, even, you must do as an artist, otherwise your plea will fall pretty flat.

Let us admit at once how very relative all "detachment" or "impersonality" must be, however. Do not let us delude ourselves on that head. Even in scientific investigation, the intellect of a Faraday or an Einstein works of necessity in a very biased fashion. How English was Newton, after all—how the more emotional Leibnitz conformed to the Teutonic norm! What a man leaves and what he takes (of all things that in the natural order offer themselves to his interest) reveals a bias, a part, at least, of which is the bias personal to his race and time—the former far the stronger of the two; for Einstein is linked in a chain to which Maimonides, Spinoza and, in our day, Bergson, belong; he is much more their race-mate than he is the time-mate of Eddinton, for instance, or the period-double of Oswald Spengler or Jean Maurras.

That the handling of the material of art or of science —of *fact*, in other words—does "detach" a man from his personality (composed as the latter is of race, class, period and the rest) is obvious; and the more he abandons himself to this objective material the better the artist, or man of science, he is, that goes without saying. Bias is *not*, clearly, the ideal. But it is after all something to do with the business; for a god would not be particularly interested in "discovery" at all; there would be nothing to discover; there would be no incentive to all this mechanical application; if you were not mortal, if you were not in the dark, you would not be so spurred. As a *game* it must be regarded, no more, all that we do—a rather maniacal one, passionately engaged in; not a game, or a *sport*, in the traditional English sense at all. The Japanese artist who described himself as an "old man mad about drawing" was making use of the *mot*

juste all right when he said *mad*. We are, in fact, like the schoolchild of Newton, picking up pebbles upon the boundless ocean of Truth, or however it was he put it.

So in dramatic writing, and a great deal of fiction is that, sides have to be taken; but do not be ashamed of that. Whichever cause you adopt—the red cause of Moscow and materialism, or the Fascist cause of nationalist idealism, or whatever other cause it may be—it is a game purely and simply (nothing that would be recognized as "a game" certainly by the cricketer or fox-hunter, but yet not anything able to change reality by a pin's point—something very contingent, indeed, even at its utmost expansion). The only important thing is to be on the side to which you belong, if you understand me. There is no right side or wrong side. That is nonsense. *Sub specie aeternitatis* both sides are equally right. But what *is* unalterable is that there is a right and a wrong side *for you*. There is such a thing as being offside! (to make use of a term from the playing-field for things that the sportsman would regard as in a different category altogether to sport—for things that unquestionably are *not* cricket).

But as a fiction writer, and in handling the contemporary scene, and dramatizing it in your novels, you cannot afford to treat contemporary society as though it were *dead*—as you would waves, rocks and clouds. Essentially, of course, it is that; but not *for you*. In order to get the maximum of drama out of it you must "in the destructive element immerse"; allow it to bring into play your personality—you must encourage it to force that into its proper camp (however much your personality may vociferate, as it is forcibly conducted thither, that it is as *impersonal* as possible, and a good deal more)! You must separate yourself from all the people who would force you into the camp to which you do *not* belong—as a matter of social discipline. You must not be afraid to say, "In this, I am a partisan!" It would be very silly and girlish of you to object to that.

Further, you will find that the more you use your personality in this deliberate fashion, the less notice you will take of it—the less it will intefere with you. It is the people who try to disguise their personalities (like a certain well-known poet, I need not name him here), with whom the personality becomes a morbid parasite of great power, a skeleton in the cupboard and, in short, an old man of the sea—like petticoat-government by a technically inferior better-half! There is really absolutely nothing to fear on that score. Do not be intimidated, whatever you do, into never uttering a Yes or a No by the propaganda of the *nuance*—the prevarication—the half-light—the *pseudo*-statement and the *pseudo*-truth—those barren lands of fashionable literary criticism.

Enter into the spirit of the game—such, under correction, is what I recommend; enter fully into the spirit of the side-taking and it will become *a game* for you (in the sense indicated above)—a game in which there is only one rule: namely, that you *must* place yourself on the side to which you belong—and *not* romantically masquerade as a black if you are a white (as D. H. Lawrence did). You will find you will achieve more true "detachment" that way than by playing at Mr. Fair-Play, and doing as much harm as you can to the people to whom you do belong—as the Anglo-Saxon has been doing for so long, in his cold frenzies of suicidal liberalism, and burning sympathy for every race except his own.

If it is, as has been said, the sign that you are by nature a philosopher, if you are inclined to doubt the reality of the world, it is equally the sign that you are an artist if you recognize that the struggles you engage in are a game, in which *vous jouez votre personalité*. You play at being yourself—and so you *are* yourself; it is quite unnecessary to play at being anybody else to be completely the artist. If you cannot be "detached" with *yourself*, there is nothing you can be detached with!

And if you are so endowed as to wish to turn from the human scene to the less subjective material of nature, you will not find that playing Number One, or the First Person Singular, has cramped your style in a mode where that character is not wanted.

As to the questions I have asked, it is, of course, for you to answer them, somewhat, I hope, in the light of what I have said. The writer of fiction is, as I have endeavoured to show, even in his capacity of dramatist, nearer to the individualist side then to the crowd side of his reader than are most artists. The act of novel-reading does not take place in public; his readers are his *interpreters*, and very amateurish ones for the most part. Yet the writer of novels must to-day conform more to a public canon than a hundred years ago; and as he is able *to romance* less—because, as I have said, the romantic material has shrunk so much, and the rewards for successful romancing have diminished—so the standards in the matter of realism are far more exacting than formerly they were for the Anglo-Saxon, which is a very good thing, indeed. This is why I have upheld so stoutly the hypercritical racket, if you like to term it so—in which, I agree, I have played a not inconspicuous rôle. But that I am not so fanatically for corporate-expression at all costs as are some—that I am not hostile to the private soul—I have made clear as well, I hope.

The Moral of the Railway Wage Cuts

By Ashley Brown

IT is doubtful whether any phase of the railway wage cuts controversy caused more general astonishment than its sudden and unexpected termination upon the 10th August. The case for the retention of the cuts was on the face of it unanswerable, and although the temporary termination of the dispute was hailed with general relief, those whose business it is to watch these things detected an undercurrent of surprise and vague uneasiness. But indeed the entire controversy, dispassionately examined, had been intensely significant. It may well be the case that the historian, probing the causes of some future débâcle, will attach greater importance to the wage cuts controversy of 1934 than to the railway strike of 1926. Fortunately, the essential facts of the controversy can be stated within comparatively small space.

Before the War, railway wages were in the main lower than they should have been, but the companies foolishly ignored that fact. Like a weak-minded individual threatened by some sinister complaint they declined to face the truth, and poison by insensible degrees permeated the system. It is fashionable in these days to find in the War the cause of all the evils from which we suffer, but the explanation, although soothing to us, will not be found convincing by our grandchildren. We are probably nearer the truth if we say that in July 1914 Great Britain resembled the man who has lived too well. Outward signs of decadence were still imperceptible, but the country was no longer lean and hard and virile. There followed the ghastly accident which accentuated every internal weakness and galvanized every latent trouble into life. Almost immediately, the Government found itself impeded by unrest upon the railways.

For the purpose of this article the solution to its troubles discovered by a harassed War Government is of interest only in so far as it imposed upon the companies, when eventually they regained the control of their own property, a burden in wages that quite reasonably filled the Managements with apprehension. The Government itself was not altogether easy about what had happened, for men were commencing to appreciate the all-important fact that wage reductions upon a vast scale are no longer possible in a State educated and organized as Great Britain has been educated and organized. I say " commencing " to appreciate, because, to a large extent, our subsequent labour troubles are directly attributable to the fact that this truth has not yet become a commonplace.

Thus the Government, when it ensured the merging of the railways into four groups in 1921, sought a solution to the problem presented by a greatly increased wage bill in two different fields, it laid down machinery for the future regulation of wages and still more machinery for the regulation, and, if necessary the increase, of passenger and goods rates. Both sets of machinery have been set to work—with deplorable results; the National Wages Board stands derelict and rusty, the rates machinery for the most part has of necessity been run with engines reversed and is chiefly valued for results which are the absolute antithesis of those it was designed to secure. The managers of the factory gnaw their knuckles and survey the scene with misgiving. It will be advisable, however, to examine the intervening period rather more in detail.

As everybody is aware, the Four Groups, faced by traffic difficulties and high wages, made drastic efforts to put their house in order, and a passion for economy spread like a consuming fire through innumerable departments. The results that were achieved surprised everyone, and nobody more than the directors of the companies. The strike of 1926 need not detain us. Beyond

the fact that it staggered an industry already hard hit, we may ignore it. At the close of 1927 the net revenue of the railways was £42,600,000* and the men in chastened mood, with the fiasco of 1926 still before their gaze, agreed that from 13 August, 1928, there should be a deduction of 2½ per cent. from all salaries and wages. This deduction held good until 12 May, 1930, and while it lasted increased the net revenue of the companies by approximately £2,700,000 per annum. Net revenue for 1929 climbed to £45,000,000.

Accustomed as we have become to something worse than this, it will be interesting to notice what the companies were able to pay their owners in a period we now view as golden and prosperous beyond belief. In 1929, the L.M.S. paid 4½ per cent. upon its Ordinary stock; the L.N.E.R. 3 per cent. upon its Pref. Ord., and nothing upon its Deferred Ord.; the G.W.R. paid 7½ per cent. upon its Ordinary stock, and the Southern 2½ per cent. upon its Deferred Ord. Looking back over the years that have intervened, the stockholders perceive 1929 as a peak in a land where peaks are rare, for the preceding years had been considerably less favourable and the years that were to follow fell steeply into the shadows.

The preliminary wage cut of 2½ per cent. terminated, as we have said, upon 12 May, 1930, and there followed a period during which wages reverted to what we may term their "standard" level. The preceding financial year, however, had been incredibly exceptional—to the few and knowing, a golden opportunity, to the many and unsophisticated, a delusion. Traffics fell and difficulties multiplied. Within the offices of the companies one anxiety followed hard upon another, trade depression, road transport, tariffs and quotas all added their weight to the burden of high wages. There commenced an unholy competition between a falling revenue and increasing economies, with falling revenue always a length

* Throughout this article references to net revenue refer to the net revenues of the Four Groups stated as one.

or so ahead. By 1930 net revenue had fallen to £37,700,000, and the companies appealed to the National Wages Board.

The National Wages Board was at the best a curiously constituted body. It consisted of an independent Chairman, six representatives of the employees and their unions, four members appointed by the Trades Union General Council, the Co-operative Union, the Association of British Chambers of Commerce, and the Federation of British Industries respectively, and six, appointed by the Railway Companies, who in this heterogeneous assortment of intellect alone may be said to have represented the men who paid the wages. No mere comment upon the decadence of the so-called Capitalist system could be half so severe or effective as the bare recital of this list of the men who decided what wages the owners should pay. Of seventeen members of the Board, those who were charged with the duty of safeguarding the interest of the owners of the property numbered six.

The case for a renewed wage cut was put before the National Wages Board in January and February, 1931, with the result that the companies secured a cut of 2½ per cent. on all wages and salaries and a further deduction of 2½ per cent. on all earnings in excess of 40s. per week and deductions in the rate of overtime, Sunday and night-duty pay. These deductions, however, were accompanied by the proviso that no adult employee was to receive less than 40s. per week. The approximate gain to the companies has been stated as, by salaries, wages and earnings £2,490,000 per annum, by working conditions £1,170,000 per annum, representing a total saving of approximately £3,660,000. Net revenue, however, continued to fall; at the close of 1931 it stood no higher than £33,400,000; at the close of 1932 it had depreciated to £26,400,000.

By this time the plight of the stockholder had become parlous in the extreme. In 1932 the L.M.S. paid no dividend upon its Ordinary Shares, none also upon its

1923 Preference Shares, holders of 4 per cent. Preference received 3 per cent.; the L.N.E.R. paid nothing upon its Deferred Ord., Preferred Ord., and Second Preference stock and, with the assistance of £50,000 taken from reserves, could manage no more than 1 per cent. upon its First Preference; the G.W.R., with set teeth, helped itself to £400,000 from its Contingency Fund and distributed 3 per cent. upon its Ordinary stock; the Southern paid nothing upon its Deferred Ord. stock and 1 per cent. upon what should have been the 5 per cent. Preferred Ord.

It was about this time that the companies, at their wits' end, once again appealed to the National Wages Board, which devoted November and December, 1932, to a renewed consideration of the position. The proposals of the companies were as drastic as despair could make them, deductions from earnings were to rise to 10 per cent. and the minimum wage of the worker, with probably wife and family to support, was to be reduced from 40s. per week to 38s. per week.* Doubtless some part of this proposal represented mere bargaining ground, a preparation for a concession. None the less, it is difficult to conceive of proposals more calculated to strengthen the arm of the mischief maker. Of course the effort failed. It would still have failed had the National Wages Board granted the companies everything they asked. In fact, the Wages Board had been unable to reach any agreement and the chairman, hoping to save the situation by a truly British compromise, put forward greatly modified proposals of his own. The companies, after some hard thinking, agreed to accept the chairman's finding, but the men's unions declined to do so and the existing situation in respect of the cuts was left unchanged. Almost immediately, on March 3, 1933, the companies gave twelve months' notice of their intention to determine

* In justice to the companies it must be said that the number of men to be reduced to the new minimum wage was not likely, according to their calculations, to exceed 17,250.

the National Wages Board. The situation had become an impasse from which, it appeared, only the appointment of a new Wages Tribunal could extricate both managements and men. It is at this stage that the history of the wage cuts becomes extremely significant.

The action of the companies in scrapping the National Wages Board was not only unanticipated, it was far-reaching. For the dislocation of the wages machinery carried with it the abandonment of a complicated system of so-called conciliation machinery that rendered easy the statement and settlement of minor grievances. As from March 3rd, 1934, the men were left face to face with the companies. The wage cuts and their attendant drawbacks remained, the accepted machinery for removing them had gone. Both parties took a long breath and affected to busy themselves with plans and proposals for a new Wages Tribunal, which, in fact, they were already discussing—for the most part in a good-humoured but quite profitless fashion.

It is a curious fact that in their dealings with their employees the railway companies have always been a good length behind the demands of the moment. While the managements were still struggling to enforce their unrestricted will, the Unions were gradually taking power into their own hands; while the managements were still thinking in terms of Trade Unions, the real power was passing to a National Wages Board. In the history of the wage cuts the process was carried one stage further; while the managements were still thinking of the Wages Board and its successor, the men threatened to settle the matter for themselves.

It is difficult to conceive of a situation more susceptible to simple and honest treatment than that which resulted from the demand of the employees for the immediate return of the cuts. The cuts had been awarded by the National Wages Board upon the 1930 net revenue of £37,700,000. If the claims of the companies at that time and the award of the Board had any meaning, it

could only be that a net revenue of £37,700,000 did not suffice to provide wages based upon a presumptive net revenue of £51,117,000. The companies, therefore, had a simple reply ready to hand. They had merely to say that, failing some fresh award by the new Wages Tribunal, they would consider themselves under an obligation to commence the return of the cuts the moment net revenue exceeded the £37,700,000 basis. I do not suggest that such a statement would have been entirely satisfactory to the employees or that it would have been hailed with enthusiasm by those stockholders who, for months, had clamoured for a general and permanent reduction in wages. But at least it would have placed the companies in an unassailable position and would have destroyed the poisonous suggestion, circulating ever more widely amongst the employees, that the companies intended to finesse the situation and retain the cuts for good and all. But the companies were still thinking behind the event. By slow and grudging steps they had brought themselves to the stage of wages boards and they were reluctant to move further. The matter, they intimated, was clearly one for the new Wages Tribunal—when it should be constituted. In the meantime they would discuss the matter, although they really had nothing to say one way or the other. But the men were in no mood to wait. Net revenue had been £28,800,000 in 1933 and might be £32,800,000 in 1934. Understanding little or nothing of the real facts of the position, this argument seemed to them good enough. The demand for the immediate return of the cuts was repeated with emphasis.

The situation at that time is sufficiently curious to bear description. The companies, faced with a net revenue for the current year of probably £5,000,000 less than their net revenue when the cuts were awarded, fenced with the men's leaders who based their claim upon the renewed prosperity of the industry. In the background statements deliberately designed to obscure the issue and to stimulate agitation were suffered to

spread unchecked. The press itself was not guiltless. To take two instances at random, the *News Chronicle** enquired what possible answer there could be to the argument that the Government having partially restored wage cuts to civil servants, the railways should do likewise. A moment's reflection would have furnished the reply that the Government restored a proportion of its cuts only after the Budget had been balanced and a surplus was available. The *Daily Express*† was more astonishing: "There is plenty of money in the bag to hand these cuts back now." To a considerable extent, of course, the companies had brought these comments upon their own heads. A simple statement before the controversy had become acute that the cuts would be restored as soon as net revenue reached the level at which they had been awarded would have rendered these and similar comments impossible. None the less, editorial opinion of so haphazard a description is not reassuring. Beneath a darkening sky the flood of misrepresentation continued to rise. From the companies there came no solitary ray of light. Ever and again some statement by one of the men's leaders would illumine the scene like a flash of lightning, statements in which every claim of the stockholder was utterly derided.

On the 10th August, 1934, the companies capitulated, having failed to strike a solitary effective blow at the forces arrayed against them. As from October, 1¼ per cent. of the cuts were to be restored, and from the 1st January following a further 1¼ per cent. The cost of this concession to the stockholders in a full year has been stated at approximately £1,100,000.

It only remains to be said before concluding the purely historical aspect of this affair, that the decision of the companies was received with general, if shortsighted, satisfaction. Nobody had desired a strike. The newspapers congratulated the managements upon a "generous

* 7 July, 1934.

† 5 July, 1934.

gesture," the public, satisfied that at any rate it could expect to return in safety, packed its bags and hurried to the sea. Only amongst the stockholders, at whose expense the gesture had been purchased, was there any disposition to question the wisdom and propriety of the settlement. No doubt time hung heavily upon their hands, for, shorn of their incomes in many instances, of necessity they remained in town. Apart from a leading article in the *Times* they received little sympathy.

Nothing, of course, is more easy than to criticize the general managers of great concerns. Beset by innumerable difficulties of which the public has no knowledge, compelled as they are to take into account a hundred factors undreamed of by the man in the street, it would be curious in the extreme if their decisions did not lend themselves to superficial attack. To state bluntly that the companies in returning a portion of the cuts were acting wrongly is, therefore, something that I am not prepared to do. On the contrary, if I could believe that by this concession the managements had purchased peace within the industry, even for three years, I should say that they were right. Unfortunately, as we must all admit, the concession of 10 August leaves the entire position fluid, the settlement has settled nothing. The error committed by the companies goes far beyond the return of a portion of the cuts in 1934. It may be said to date from 1921 since when they have had no intelligible wages policy of any sort or kind. When, for instance, they succeeded, in 1931, in reducing their wage burden, they immediately spent what they had been given and then waited on events. When affairs went from bad to worse they tried to secure further cuts, and when they sniffed a conflagration they hastened to restore a part of what they had. In the matter of wages the companies have been mere opportunists. As was inevitable with this lack of any real conviction, their actions have been generally misunderstood. Labour cannot credit the statement that it is dealing with an industry that does

not know its own mind. Quite logically, but quite unjustly, it attributes to the companies sinister designs to force down wages by any and every device, and the possibility of whole-hearted co-operation between stockholders and employees recedes ever further and further into the distance. The golden opportunity to terminate wage troubles on the railways presented itself with the award of 1931. That was the psychological moment at which it was open to the companies to seize the initiative and to link the return of the cuts to stated increases in net revenue. Had the companies at that moment put forward proposals that envisaged the gradual return of all the cuts and had they made their offer contingent upon its acceptance *in toto* within so many weeks, they would, I believe, have reached a working arrangement with their men which would have ensured peace within the industry over a period of years and which would definitely have linked the interests of the men to the prosperity of the railways. The opportunity was permitted to pass unused.

As things stand, the stockholder has quite reasonable grounds for anxiety. Doubtless the voice of a leader is usually a trifle more strident than his convictions really warrant, but allowing for that fact, the war cries of the men's leaders are not such as can be heard by the stockholder with satisfaction. The General Secretary of the N.U.R., commenting upon a statement in the *Times* to the effect that railway stockholders have a prior claim to the first benefits of increasing revenue, remarks bluntly: "The plea leaves me cold." He commends the recent wage cuts agreement to his members with an apology. It is not all they need or feel themselves entitled to receive, but as net revenue improves they can always help themselves to more. What is the real significance of all this? Is it not certain that the historian will ignore the actual sum returned by the companies in order to direct attention to the crucial fact that the decision of an impartial board had ceased to safeguard the investor?

I have no desire to exaggerate the danger or to become an alarmist, but nothing is lost by looking facts in the face. The history of the wage cuts proves conclusively that the men will repudiate the decision of such a tribunal as and when it suits them.

What, then, is the moral of the story? It lies, I believe, in a recognition of the fact that peace within the industry is of more importance in the long run than any temporary relief from the wage burden and that peace within the industry is not to be secured by compromise and concessions at the eleventh hour. At the present moment the policy of the companies would appear to be at the mercy of those stockholders who clamour for the impossible and then turn tail and run at the first shot fired by the other side. The future demands from us something a little better than this. Our tribunal must be impartial and should recognize the right of the stockholders as proprietors of the companies, to participate in its decisions. The tribunal, once constituted, must eliminate the suspicion that the companies are pursuing a Machiavellian policy to force down wages. Finally, we must be prepared, should the necessity arise, to put everything to hazard to compel labour to accept as final the impartial decisions of the tribunal. The stockholder, needless to say, will be similarly bound. Above everything, we need peace within the industry and the whole-hearted co-operation of stockholders and men. But this prize is not to be won by intrigue, still less does it fall to the mere opportunist. We can win it only by the acceptance of sane and reasonable principles and by our determination to defend those principles to the bitter end.

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Poincaré

By Philip Carr

RAYMOND POINCARÉ, whose father was an engineer, while his cousin was Henri Poincaré, the distinguished mathematician, was born at Bar-le-Duc, in Lorraine, in 1860, and was old enough for the war of 1870 and the surrender of half of his native province to Germany to be a bitter childhood memory. Each of his successes in life was won at a relatively early age. He was a prosperous and even a leading advocate at twenty-seven, a Deputy at twenty-nine, a Minister at thirty-three, a member of the French Academy at forty-nine, Prime Minister at fifty-one—after having almost reached that office at thirty-eight—and President of the Republic at fifty-three. Consequently, he was only sixty at the end of his seven years' tenure of the highest position in the State, and, instead of going into retirement, as all ex-Presidents before him had done when they laid down their burden, he was able again to be Prime Minister four times before illness compelled him to retire from politics and affairs in the summer of 1929. Even then the list of his public honours was not complete; for it was later still that he was unanimously elected *bâtonnier*, or leader of the French Bar, although his health did not allow him to wear this crown of his professional career, to which he had long aspired, for more than a few months, and he then resigned the honour.

If there was any man who might have been supposed to have lived his life as he had planned it, this precise, orderly and phenomenally hard-working statesman was that man. Yet he often declared that his real ambitions would have led him along lines other than those which he followed so successfully, and he once said that if he wrote his memoirs he would have called the book "Mes Prisons." Just as he was prouder of having at last become *bâtonnier* than of having reached the top of the political ladder, so he was prouder of being an Academi-

cian—he was selected on the strength of two volumes of political essays and his reputation as a barrister—than even of having been *bâtonnier*, for he would have preferred from the beginning to have devoted himself to literature and learning, and his choice, if he could have made it, would have been for a career as a university professor. "My life has not been what I wanted," he used to say quite sincerely. At each step, his extremely conscientious sense of duty and his tireless industry involved him in the task which lay to his hand, and at each step he found himself carried by events into positions which he did not seek. Though he became one of the most skilful of parliamentary manœuvrers, he was never at any moment the scheming and ambitious politician. He made a fortune at the Bar, but never enriched himself in politics. He only entered politics at all because the advocate of whom he was the secretary became a Minister, and insisted on taking him into his office; he only entered the Chamber because he was elected unopposed almost against his will; he only became Prime Minister under pressure; and before he was made President of the Republic he tried hard to persuade Léon Bourgeois to stand instead.

Raymond Poincaré will be remembered for three things—because he was President throughout the whole course of the war and for a year before it began, because, as Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs from January 1922 to June 1924, he separated the foreign policy of France from that of Great Britain, and eventually occupied the Ruhr in an independent effort to extract further Reparation payments from Germany, and because, as Premier and Finance Minister from the summer of 1926 to the summer of 1929, he saved the franc, when it had touched 240 to the pound, and was able to persuade the French people to make the necessary financial sacrifices. His prestige had become so great that the election of 1928 was fought, not on any question of policy or party, but on his name alone, and its result was

virtually a blank cheque personally to him—a fact which was even used after his retirement by the Opposition as an argument in favour of the almost unprecedented but not unconstitutional proposal of a dissolution of the Chamber before the end of its four years' term, on the ground that in his absence it had no mandate. The election of 1924 had also been fought to a great extent around his personality. It ended in his defeat and in a victory of the parties of the Left, but if the reason for this was partly that the French people disapproved of the unconciliatory character towards Germany of his Ruhr policy, and especially the fact that this policy had not been justified by success, it was also partly that he had imposed a mass increase of taxation by 20 per cent.—"the double décime"—a couple of months before the poll, and the country was not yet sufficiently alive to the financial danger to accept such a spartan reversal of electoral tactics, even from him.

It was in finance that Raymond Poincaré made his earliest political successes. He was Rapporteur-Général of the Budget in 1893, and although it was as Minister of Public Instruction that he first became a member of a Government in the same year—in that capacity he presented the schoolboy, André Tardieu, with the first prize of the Concours Général of all the lycées of France—he was Finance Minister in 1894 and again in 1906.

During his early political years, he gradually established himself in that cautious, carefully balanced Left-Centre position which was the expression of his temperament. He was not an anti-Dreyfusard, for he eventually admitted that sufficient elements to warrant an inquiry had developed; but he was not a Dreyfusard. He certainly never belonged to the clerical party, and always considered himself in these matters to be a Radical and a secularist; but he was never an anti-clerical any more than he was ever an anti-Semite. He was more at home in the Senate, to which he passed soon after the formation of the combatively anti-clerical Combes ministry in 1902,

than in the Chamber, although from the Ministerial bench —for members of the Government can address both sections of the legislature in France—he became one of the most skilful of manipulators of the waves of passion and prejudice and self-interest which sway the Deputies.

In 1899, Poincaré was called upon by President Loubet to form a Government, but he failed to do so, and was replaced by Waldeck-Rousseau. It was not until the beginning of 1912 that he was again sent for, after he had condemned, as "Rapporteur" of the Foreign Affairs Committee, Caillaux' Franco-German agreement over Morocco and the Congo, which followed the Agadir incident, and after the consequent fall of the Caillaux Government.

The Ministry which Poincaré then formed, though it was described as a Ministry of "concentration," or coalition of the centre parties, and although it included such politicians of the Left as Briand, Léon Bourgeois and Millerand, was definitely patriotic and even nationalist in character. It was a Ministry of armament, although Louis Barthou did not actually obtain the passage of his proposal for the restoration of the three years' military service until his own Ministry twelve months later. It was a Ministry of the assertion, in various ways, of the French national prestige, through the mouth of Poincaré himself, who was Minister of Foreign Affairs as well as Premier. How far this attitude contributed to the eventual outbreak of war, how far Poincaré in particular and the French governing and military classes in general were already determined to fight what may be called a preventive war, or how far what was being done was no more than the preparation of the country for the fighting of a defensive war already regarded as almost inevitable is still a matter of dispute. The German Military Laws of March 1913, and the increase which they caused in the German forces, are held by most Frenchmen to have more than justified the French fears and the French action. On the other hand, Poincaré has admitted, in

the reminiscences of the war and the years preceding it, contained in his volumes, "Au service de la France," that as early as 1912, when Lord Haldane was in Berlin, trying to improve Anglo-German relations, he himself objected to Great Britain giving Germany any undertaking to remain neutral, even if the latter were attacked. His subsequent justification of this refusal was that it is often impossible to tell who is really the attacking party. He was not, however, prepared to leave the decision of the point to the British Government.

In any case, there is little doubt that, during the three years that preceded the war, Poincaré had made up his mind that a conciliatory attitude towards Germany was not only useless, but had been shown to be provocative of further aggressive German demands. Indeed, it is recorded that he privately said as much at the time, and that he also stated his belief that Germany had determined to make war. Consequently, he set himself, during 1912, throughout which year he was Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and after January 1913, when he became President of the Republic, to consolidate the Entente with Great Britain and the Alliance with Russia, first by political negotiation and afterwards by the ceremonial visits which are among the few means by which a President of the Republic can express a policy. The journey of President Poincaré to London in the spring of 1913—to which King George and Queen Mary replied by going to Paris in April 1914—was such an expression, and so was the journey of President Poincaré and his Prime Minister, Viviani, to St. Petersburg, upon which they set out at midnight on July 15, 1914. This was seventeen days after the assassination of the Archduke at Sarajevo, but the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia was timed so that it was not delivered until Poincaré and Viviani had set out on their return from Cronstadt on the battleship *France*. They learnt its terms by wireless, while they were at sea, and when they reached home on July 29, Austria had declared war on Serbia and had

begun mobilization, Russia had ordered the mobilization of thirteen army corps, and Germany was already threatening Russia with a counter mobilization. Two days later Poincaré sent the letter to King George in which he wrote that if Germany could be convinced "that the Entente Cordiale would be asserted in case of need upon the field of battle," there would be a real chance of peace not being broken, and he appealed that such an intention be announced, although he admitted that Great Britain had undertaken no more than to consult with the French Government in any case of European tension, and to examine whether joint action should be taken. The King's reply did not contain the definite announcement for which Poincaré had appealed—an announcement which many Frenchmen still believe would have prevented war. Whether it might have done so or not if it had been made earlier, it would almost certainly have been too late when Poincaré appealed for it on July 31, for, on the evening of August 1, Germany declared war on Russia.

The antagonism of Poincaré and Clemenceau towards each other, their official reconciliation during the war, their public embrace—recorded by the cinema—after the armistice and the insurmountable lack of sympathy which, nevertheless, continued to separate them might have been disastrous in a situation in which both men, in their different ways, were indispensable; and it is to the credit of Poincaré that it did not prevent his calling on Clemenceau to form a Government at the critical moment in November 1917, when Clemenceau was obviously the right man. The antagonism was largely temperamental. It could hardly be expected that the cautious, precise, laborious, patient, self-restrained, meticulous and legal-minded Poincaré and the downright, passionate, pitilessly sarcastic, rugged, but whimsically and violently generous Clemenceau would ever really understand each other. However, Clemenceau recognized later that Poincaré had never shown any lack of

courage; and, indeed, that courage was conspicuously displayed near the end of the war, when he stoutly refused to agree to the Government leaving Paris for Bordeaux a second time, although Pétain and even Clemenceau himself were in favour of doing so in view of the last German advance. As for the early days, Poincaré records in his diary that, on August 5, 1914, in his paper, *l'Homme Libre*, Clemenceau varied his tone of constant and even vitriolic attack by a phrase which referred to the "very fine manifesto of the President of the Republic." This prompted Poincaré to ask his parliamentary enemy and erstwhile friend to come and see him; and he records in his diary how they talked for an hour, during which Clemenceau even, at one moment, addressed him as "mon cher ami," in the way he had been wont to do many years before. However, he made no reply to Poincaré's suggestion that between two Frenchmen, who had together felt the emotions which their conversation had evoked, an irreparable link had been forged; and when he had previously consented to meet the President, he had stipulated that they should not speak of the past, while he reserved his liberty with regard to the future. "The past," says Poincaré in his diary, "is my election as President. The future is the unknown." The Presidential election had certainly been a stand-up fight between the two men. In the usual preliminary ballot of the groups of the Left, Poincaré had been defeated by Clemenceau's nominee, the rather colourless Senator Pams; but he refused to retire, and was eventually elected with the help of the Right. The poll of his opponent was perhaps not increased by the caustic remark which Clemenceau could not resist, "I shall vote for the stupider of the two"; but it was certainly diminished by the manœuvres of Briand, who supported Poincaré chiefly because he opposed Clemenceau.

As for what was the future in 1914, Clemenceau fully justified his reserves in regard to it; for during the Peace Conference, not only were the views of the President of

the Republic absolutely ignored, but a compromise was eventually made with which he was in complete disagreement. Poincaré had been opposed to the granting of an armistice until the French troops had pursued the enemy into Germany; and, in regard to the ultimate peace, both he and Foch were convinced that French security could only be assured by a Rhine frontier. He succeeded in insisting that a memorandum, which he had written in support of this view, be read in the Supreme Council, but it went no further than that. He held his opinion so strongly, however, that he almost decided to give a sensational prominence to it by resigning the Presidency of the Republic. That opinion became, later, an essential element in his occupation of the Ruhr, and his defence of the occupation. He had failed to get the treaty he wanted. So he applied his lawyer's mind to attaining something of the same result by taking every advantage of the exact wording of the treaty which was actually signed; and he did so with a conscience all the clearer because he held, as many other Frenchmen did, and still do, that the triple security guarantee of France, Great Britain and America, which fell to the ground in consequence of the refusal of the American Senate to ratify it, was an indispensable counterpart to the concessions which France made in the treaty itself.

However, the weakness of the French position after Versailles—a position largely created by the articles which Poincaré, always indefatigable, wrote twice a month in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* after vacating the Presidency of the Republic—lay largely in the fact that none of its advocates ever appeared to have made up their minds whether it was principally the military security that they wanted, or really the money, after all. This confusion was very evident when Poincaré took office in January 1922, after the Cannes Conference and the fall of the Briand Government. For it was never quite clear whether Briand was overthrown because he had been ready to consent to a not very precise French security, limited in any case to ten years, being purchased

at the price of a humiliating dependence upon Great Britain, or because he was prepared to surrender a large part of the Reparations, to which Poincaré was constantly reminding France that she was entitled.

One thing was clear, nevertheless. It was taken for granted in France that Poincaré would say "No" to England, and this he proceeded to do upon every subject with an iteration which eventually became exasperating. He sat at the end of the wire, and instructed Louis Barthou to return an unvaried "No" to every British suggestion at the Genoa Conference. He continued to say "No" for a year—a year which included the deplorable failure of France to support Great Britain in the Turkish crisis at Chanak. There followed the not unnatural result that Great Britain retorted; and, first, the Balfour note, with its implication that Britain must demand payment from France of what she needed to pay America, although she would demand no more, and, second, the separate Baldwin arrangement for debt repayment to the United States made Franco-British co-operation more and more difficult; and Poincaré found himself insensibly committed to the Ruhr policy, in order to assert French prestige, and involved in persistence in that policy, in order to maintain French prestige. There is every reason for thinking that Poincaré at first intended the Ruhr occupation to be no more than a demonstration, and had no desire for French troops to remain there or to engage in the almost obviously hopeless attempt to exploit the Ruhr at a profit. Besides, he hoped to engage in this demonstration, or bluff, in partnership with Great Britain. However, the British co-operation was not forthcoming, and the bluff was called; and although the French had the cards in their hand which inevitably secured German capitulation in the end, they had not, at first, any real desire to play them.

The last great achievement of Poincaré, and perhaps the greatest of his career, was his saving of the franc, when it seemed that nothing could prevent it from following in the way of the mark. It was his greatest achieve-

ment in the sense that it was very largely through the direct psychological action of his personality and his reputation upon the country that the tide was turned. From the moment that he took office, his known character of honesty, of caution and of responsibility inspired the whole nation to place what seemed to be their almost desperate financial fortunes in his hands; and it was to a very great extent because the nation believed that he could set things right that they were set right. Under his leadership France was ready to accept sacrifices which, at that moment, she would have accepted under no one else. On the other hand, it was not any particuliarly able or brilliant or powerful decision or plan of Poincaré that saved the franc. It happened that he was the right figurehead for the recovery by which France suddenly pulled herself together when things were at their worst, as she always does pull herself together at the last moment; but it was his name rather than his capacity which worked the miracle. Although he had already twice been Minister of Finance earlier in his career, he was not a great, or even moderately accomplished, financier. He was just the thrifty French bourgeois magnified to a high degree.

Perhaps the thrifty French bourgeois characteristics were the outstanding things in Poincaré. He had them all. He was phenomenally industrious, and often in ways which, to a man in his position, were quite needlessly exhausting. He never employed a secretary, even to take copies of letters, which he wrote out himself. He wrote out everything else himself, from his speeches, which he committed to memory, to the orders to his chauffeur, which he used to hand to him every morning for the day. He was scrupulously punctual, as he was scrupulously neat and orderly—to the point of making orderliness a passion. He was precise in his manner, in his speech, with his highly-pitched and rather metallic voice, in his dress, which suggested the conscientious but self-effacing bureaucrat, and in his general appearance—small of stature, with his pale and rather insignificant face and his short, straggling beard. Nevertheless,

though he was precise, he was nervous—with his uneasily wandering or downcast eyes and his rapid, staccato speech—and he was even timid. Indeed, it may be said that his determination, which sometimes became obstinacy, was that of a timid man, who only made up his mind with difficulty to be firm. His well-deserved reputation for honesty was based rather upon integrity than upon directness, for though he had a great respect for the written word, he was not above using the letter of the law to confound his adversary with the meticulousness of the pettifogging attorney, and he was second to no politician of his time in his skill at parliamentary manœuvre. These mental and political qualities naturally carried their complementary disadvantages, among which was an almost entire lack of appreciation of the dramatic opportunity for a generous and unexpected movement or even a passionate outburst. In the way he lived Poincaré was also a typical French bourgeois. Such leisure as he allowed himself he spent at his fireside with his wife, and, very occasionally, a few intimates. He did not go out at all into society. He did not smoke. He drank very little. He took no joy in the pleasures of the table. He had no recreations or hobbies. He had few friends, and he never expanded. He lived up to his schoolboy nickname of " Prudence Lorraine," and he was a typical son of the border province from which he came, in his deliberate solitariness and reserve, as well as in his sometimes irritating, but very convinced and sincere, patriotism. His confident faith that every gain for France is a gain for civilization was perhaps the finest emotional trait of his character.

This convinced patriotism was, indeed, the watchword of his public career, just as order was the watchword of his daily life and lucidity the watchword of his intellectual habit.

He has died now; but his life really came to an end more than five years ago, when he was suddenly struck down by illness at the height of his mental powers, at the height of his influence over his countrymen and at the height of his prestige abroad.

Sun-worship

By Joseph Braddock

A BREATH of wind comes off the sea,
The northern grey is turned to blue.
Transfigured, ardent, generous, true,
Out of the sun you shine to me.
You tread a narrow high-walled street,
Where Banksia roses foam their curds;
Cicadas trill instead of birds:
My very sweet! my very sweet!
You wear a flimsy picture hat,
And clinging dress of thinnest silk;
Your skin is of the whitest milk:
You smile at this, and talk of that. . . .
Your eyes conjunctive planets are
In rich-orbed depth of woman's love;
Your soul is like that star above
The mountains, by the harbour bar.
Your tender, tapering, swaying grace
Is cypress to my every sigh!
That you are you and I am I
Is miracle for all our days.
I see you where one hour we found
Spilt fishes by the painted boats.
Exotic now their palette floats
Into your eye, where they lay drowned.
Do you remember how we climbed
The hills of thyme and rosemary,
The green rose-chafers zooming free?—
Your voice and mine in concord chimed.
Have you forgotten Golden Bay
Where first your mouth sprang to my mouth?
O sane, mimosa-smelling South!
O tide, O wind, dear youthful day!
Sun-worship and the fear of cold,
Each winter memory stirs our blood!
How sweet, how rare, how fine, how good,
Love's tale will seem when we are old.

A Countryman's Diary

By A. G. Street (Author of "Farmer's Glory")

September 17th.

WENT up to the top of the farm to have a look at my wheat field for next season. Quite like old times. Found my pupil giving it yet one more tumbling with a heavy spiked chain harrow behind the tractor. He ploughed up this field—it was a pasture which had not taken very well—just after haymaking, and he has been dragging it at intervals ever since. Now it is fit for sowing, but I shall put off doing this until October. September sown wheat hereabouts is apt to get winter-proud, and to yield badly. Still, I must see about the seed.

September 18th.

Went to market to-day to buy some seed wheat. Seventeen acres at three bushels per acre comes to thirteen sacks as near as doesn't matter. I bought some Little Joss, because the primary reason for growing this wheat is that I want some straw for thatch, and I have a notion that this variety is better for that purpose than most. Also I have an inherent dislike for Squarehead's Master; nine years out of ten it goes down before cutting on this farm. The time has come to make up the dairy to its full winter strength, so I ordered twenty Irish springers from a dealer friend. This sounds very unpatriotic, but I did it for two reasons. One is that I have not the time these days to chase round to a number of sales in search of suitable cattle, and the other is that after five years' experience of Open-Air Dairying I am firmly convinced that Irish heifers milk better under this system than home-bred cattle. Most probably other farmers will hold exactly the opposite opinion, but one must farm according to the lessons learned from one's own farming experience.

September 23rd.

Went for a drive this afternoon with a neighbour farmer, and he showed me a most interesting feature of this district which was new to me. On a spur of down running south from the old Salisbury–Shaftesbury road, which is now a green track on the top of the downs, there stands a Scotch fir tree. This has one stout bough running out at right angles from the trunk about twelve feet up. My friend told me that it used to be a hanging tree, and in the trunk we could see the notches which were cut to enable the hangman to climb up to fix the rope, and in the bark of the bough are still the marks of the rope. The tree is still alive, and each spring it puts forth new leaves. What tales it could tell if it could speak, and what cold shivers ran down my back as I tried to visualize the scenes which took place there many years ago! That tree stands in a most desolate part of the downs, and even to-day I should not think a dozen people visit it during a year.

September 24th.

Another wet day on which a lot of rain fell. Well, we can still do with a lot more, for the rivers seem to be getting lower each week. I had a day on the Avon last week but did not do any good. The water was too low and much too clear, and I was not a good enough fisherman to succeed under those conditions. Never have I known fish so shy as they have been all this season. Stalk them as carefully as you will, at the first movement of your rod they are away. The recent rains have brought up another lot of mushrooms. These seem to be increasing every year on this farm. I think that this is due to the outdoor dairy herd, but it would be difficult to prove this. Anyway, we are now finding mushrooms on fields which never grew them prior to the coming of this method of dairying. This year we have had enough to give away to friends, but next year it looks like being a commercial proposition.

And then, I suppose, we shall be up against the trespasser with a vengeance.

September 25th, 26th, and 27th.

Partly for business and partly for pleasure I spent these three days in London. From both points of view the visit was eminently satisfactory, but somehow I was glad to get home. Three days in town is about my limit. A sight of the country just now leaves no doubt in my mind as to which is the more preferable. Never have I seen it looking lovelier at this season.

September 28th.

The twenty Irish heifers arrived to-day. A useful lot and up in good flight. Irish cattle always come in better at this season after a summer's grass than they do in the spring after indifferent winter feeding. These were a trifle stiff from the long journey, but a few days peace in a Wiltshire pasture will put that right. How glad they must have been to feel grass under their feet after travelling by sea and rail from their home!

October 1st.

To-day the Children's Milk Scheme came into operation, which reduces by one half the price to be paid by the parents for this milk. For some years now a lot of milk has been consumed by children in schools, and this scheme should increase the quantity, which will be all to the good. Ever since collective bargaining has been in operation for milk selling in this country the procedure has been to make the "liquid" milk subsidize the "manufacturing." This has been fair and it has worked very well, but I have a notion that in the near future we shall have to work the business the opposite way round. The great thing needed is a definite statement by our rulers as to which farm products the nation requires home-produced, as it is obvious that it is absurd for us to try to increase the home-production of every farm product. Milk is a

thing which we can produce well, and it would be fairly easy to double our present production here, a thing which it would be wise to do as we now import twice our present milk production in the form of manufactured milk products. But when this happens, "liquid" milk will have to become cheaper, and "manufacturing" milk dearer. That is the only way to increase the "liquid" consumption. Planning is all very well, but farmers should be told to what end it is directed.

October 2nd and 3rd.

Wheat-sowing. Weather a trifle catchy with rain storms but the seed has gone in fairly well. "Barley in the dust and wheat in the mud" is an old saying which still holds good in these parts. Another one is used when wheat takes a long time to come up. Then the old farm labourers say, "Long in bed, heavy at head." I have a notion that this wheat will not be very long in bed, as the ground is warm and moist, an ideal combination for rapid germination. Still, I hope it will be heavy at head next August.

October 6th.

Went to the local Ploughing Match this morning, where I was greeted by my neighbours as the long lost sheep returned to the fold. But why? When occasion demanded it I was a ploughman and, "although I says it as shouldn't," I was and could be still a darned good ploughman. I should imagine that I have personally ploughed more acres than most of my farmer neighbours, and so I told them. All sorts of ploughing was on view this morning—single ploughs drawn by two horses, double ploughs drawn by three horses abreast, and tractors and tractor ploughs up to four furrows. The two horse team is the most beautiful, but it is the least profitable, and I was amazed at the good work being done by the double ploughs and the tractor ploughs. These now not only beat the single for quantity, but they are

not very far behind in the quality of the work also. Still, as an old ploughman, give me a team of horses to walk behind every time. Then, ploughing is the most charming disguise that work can wear.

October 8th.

To-day brought its note of tragedy. The Irish heifers have been calving down well, but this morning one of them had such a bad calving that I had to shoot her later in the day. It seems a shame that she should have left her native country only to die a few weeks later, but it's the luck of the game. Life is a gamble and so is farming, and it's no use being too sentimental about it. When you keep livestock, in the natural order of things you will occasionally have dead stock. However, since I have not housed any cattle my losses have been very small, and practically non-existent from disease. Each year now I reckon to lose 2 per cent. and these only from calving or accident. In the old days my losses must have been nearer 10 per cent. than 2 per cent.

October 11th.

Old Michaelmas Day, and the day on which in this neighbourhood most farm tenancies begin and end. Consequently it is the day when any farm labourers who are changing jobs shift their goods and furniture to their new home, and for that reason most folk in this district were glad that to-day was fine. Even though the motor lorry does a lot of this shifting some is still done by the pair horse wagon, and for this long slow journey one needs a fine day. I don't like to see much of this shifting at Michaelmas as it is a sign that all is not well with farming. Farming needs stability, and farming folk know that it takes a lifetime to know a farm well. A change in tenancy means a deal of trouble for a good many people in the country, and the less we have of it the better.

A COUNTRYMAN'S DIARY

October 14th.

I had occasion to-day to walk by the wheat field, where I found the wheat up in drill well. Also I found that the rabbits know all about this too. There's no peace for the farmer, and these jokers will get little peace this winter if I can find time to harry them. And I'll have to find time, or else the top end of that wheat field will be a poor show next Summer. Still, the wheat is away to a good start, and if we look after it as the season progresses there should be a decent crop next harvest.

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Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE events of the last few weeks have reminded us, if a reminder was necessary, that over much of the Continent of Europe the revolver now bears undisputed sway. The Marseilles murders and the Spanish civil war are but the most recent incidents in the steady disintegration of Western civilization. These repeated outbreaks of violence are in themselves bad enough, but they are evidence of something even worse, namely the abandonment by an increasing number of people of that restraint upon which in the last resort human society depends. It is true that political assassinations have always taken place from time to time, but until recently they were universally regarded with execration; now murder has become part of the ordinary stock-in-trade of many a party organization.

This development is no mere accident, for it is the logical outcome of the disruptive doctrines that have been preached all over the world since the French Revolution, and Liberalism must bear the blame. The heresies of history have become the orthodoxy of the day. It is useless to imagine that the process can be reversed by police measures. Rather must man be taught once more how close he is to the beast, and that the latter's qualities in him must be suppressed if disaster is to be avoided. The theorizing of Liberal politicians and philosophers has come to this, that every man considers he has a right to force his opinion on his fellows, if necessary by means of the revolver. There is no such thing in these latter days as right and wrong; force alone legalizes a point of view. Moreover, murder definitely pays, as witness the cordial reception of Soviet Russia at Geneva. *Homo homini lupus* would be a fitting epitaph for nineteenth-century democracy.

The Murdered Monarch

NATURAL horror at the brutal murder of King Alexander cannot blind one to the fact that such an end to the Jugo-Slav monarch's life could not be

unexpected. Deeds of violence have always been associated with Balkan politics. Violence begets violence, and those who most admire King Alexander find it difficult to forget that he himself must be held in some measure to have condoned the principle of political murder when, on February 2nd, 1930, a memorial to Prinzip, the assassin of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, was officially unveiled at Sarajevo. These events cannot but affect our judgment with regard to his career.

In this connection one cannot but remark upon the tolerance, almost amounting to enthusiasm, shown by Liberals, pacifists, and League of Nations zealots for the beneficiaries of crime. The men whose proudest boast it is that they will not defend their own country are only too ready to applaud those whose hands are red with blood. Sinn Fein gunmen, Russian Bolshevists, Spanish Anarchists, or Italian *fuorusciti* are always certain of defence from the parties of the Left. Rape and murder are condoned, if not definitely applauded, and brutality is only charged against those who endeavour to curb such excesses. One is sometimes tempted to wonder whether the real offence of the Nazis in the eyes of *The Daily Herald* and *The Manchester Guardian* is that they have not slaughtered on the Russian scale.

The Future of Jugo-Slavia

THE Marseilles murders must inevitably weaken, if they do not wholly disrupt, Jugo-Slavia, and with her the Little Entente, of which she is the backbone, if not always the mouthpiece. This may be a decided gain, for the Little Entente has for years stood in the way, not only of a Franco-Italian understanding, but of a revival of the Dual Monarchy, which is the most promising solution of the Danubian problem. King Carol has too many troubles of his own to take a strong line, quite apart from the pressure being put upon him by the Poles to dissociate himself from France, and M. Benes may thus find himself isolated. Out of the evil of the

recent tragedy may also come the good of a Franco-Italian agreement.

Whether the Jugo-Slav Regents, who are not of conspicuous personal ability, can hold their country together remains to be seen. Their chief danger comes from the army, where the amiable Zhivkovitch has great power, and from the Croat and Slovene separatists, who are probably by now far too embittered by Serbian persecution to be conciliated. At the same time, it is to be hoped that if Jugo-Slavia breaks up, it will not be into its constituent parts. There are enough small nations in Europe without adding to the number. A far more satisfactory solution would be for the discontented minorities to attach themselves to the neighbouring countries, and for Croatia to become a separate State in a Habsburg realm. Montenegro alone has claims to independence which cannot be denied if advanced.

The Duty of the Powers

IT rests with Great Britain, France, Italy, and Germany whether or not the death of Alexander Karageorgevitch is to be followed by war. If the Great Powers will but formulate a joint policy to be followed when a crisis occurs, and then stick to it, there will be no war. If they do nothing, and merely hope for the best, hostilities in the Balkans will ensue, and they will inevitably be drawn into them. Such being the case every effort should be made to include Germany in any agreement of this sort, and her attitude towards it would be the acid test of her willingness to co-operate in the maintenance of European peace.

At the moment it looks as if there might be a breathing-space, and the lateness of the season renders this the more probable. What is wanted, however, is not one of those insincere proclamations, so dear to Sir John Simon, by which the signatories pledge themselves to defend another party without having the slightest intention of doing so; but a private decision to act in a certain

manner when the necessity arises. As was the case a century ago, we have to-day in Europe a very sick man, and a fight for his effects between his heirs can benefit no one, but will assuredly harm everybody.

M. Barthou

THAT M. Barthou should have met his death in such tragic circumstances is a matter of sincere regret, for his pending visit to Rome would undoubtedly have gone a long way towards bringing France and Italy together. Indeed, only a few days earlier Signor Mussolini had given, in his speech at Milan, a very optimistic forecast of what was likely to happen; and it remains to be seen whether M. Laval, the new Foreign Minister, will have the sense to follow in the footsteps of his predecessor, rather than repeat the blunders of M. Briand. The Marseilles murders render a Franco-Italian understanding more imperative than ever.

On the other hand, there can be no denying the fact that M. Barthou was more highly esteemed abroad than by his own fellow-countrymen, and during the last few weeks before his death there had been a marked decline in his popularity. The Right, in particular, had recently criticized him severely for his pro-Russian policy, and for his support of Sir John Simon in bullying Poland. Nevertheless, M. Barthou, at once a statesman and an academician, was in the great French tradition, and he combined that interest in letters and politics which is now so rare in Great Britain, but which is still not uncommon in France.

The Effect in France

IT may well be, at any rate for the time being, that the effect of the assassination will be more severely felt in France than in Jugo-Slavia. The murder of M. Doumer two years ago, and the Stavisky scandals, had already roused French opinion to fever heat against the in-

competence and corruption of the police, and this latest occurrence is more than likely to prove the last straw. Already, M. Sarraut, the Minister of the Interior, has had to resign, and the Right has very wisely taken advantage of the opportunity to compel M. Chéron, the Minister of Justice, to do likewise. M. Chéron, it will be recalled, was recently over-ruled by his colleagues in his efforts to hush up the Prince *affaire*.

What is clear is that no one in France is under any illusions that a serious clash is inevitable sooner or later, and very few Frenchmen really believe that M. Doumergue's administration will be able to ride the storm. The significance of the February riots, namely that governments which have a majority in the Chamber can still be overthrown in the streets, is each day becoming more obvious, and everyone is possessing himself of arms. In short, an uglier situation than that which is growing up in France it would be difficult to imagine, and what happened at Marseilles has made it worse.

The Outlook

WHAT is happening is that both Right and Left are busily engaged in marshalling their forces, while the Centre is rapidly ceasing to exist. As in Spain, the Socialists made common cause with the Communists as soon as they ceased to be able to dictate terms to the so-called moderates, and are now an avowedly revolutionary party. (We shall probably see the same state of affairs in our own country before long.) On the Right there is, in face of this danger, a great deal more co-operation than ever before, though Fascism in the Italian form is still almost entirely lacking. That sooner or later there will be something very like civil war in France, and that the Socialists will be beaten, is a reasonably safe assumption, but what will happen after that is an enigma.

What is remarkable is the growth of Royalist feeling in these circumstances. A big employer of labour in the

North of France told the present writer only the other day that six months ago his employees would have scouted the very idea of a king, but that now they are seriously discussing it. The Royal cause also received a remarkable fillip in September when the Comte de Paris, the Dauphin of the Monarchists, met many French people of all classes on a specially arranged cruise in the Mediterranean. The fact is that the French, like the Austrians and the Spaniards, are feeling the need of someone who stands above the everlasting party strife, with its scandals and bloodshed, and that can only be a hereditary monarch.

The Spanish Revolt

WHAT is impending in France has actually happened in Spain. As it became clear that the vast majority of the nation was swinging to the Right, the Socialists threw in their lot with the Communists, and tried by force of arms to prevent expression being given to what was clearly the popular will. The excuse was that Señor Lerroux had dared to include in his ministry three members of *Acción Popular*, the Right party led by Gil Robles. Civil war was the result, with a death-roll, and a damage to property, unprecedented in Spanish history. So much for Socialist respect for the will of the people when that will is not Socialist.

One cannot help wondering how our British intellectuals, such as Professor Trend of Cambridge, feel now about their fallen idol Azaña, and whether *The Times* still considers that Socialism has "a steadying effect" upon the Spanish situation. The hollow mockery of republicanism in Spain has been exposed at last, and it is now plain for all the world to see that it has no other basis than anarchy. Those who have written and spoken so ecstatically about the new order would be well advised to cut their losses, and keep quiet. It is never pleasant to find that one's much belauded Utopia proves to be but Hell let loose.

Spain To-day

THE irony of the present situation is that Lerroux, who has been a republican all his life, and Alcalá Zamora, the President, have been compelled to arrest or kill the men who brought the Republic into existence, and themselves into power. They are probably the only convinced republicans at the head of affairs. Had the Right been compelled to suppress the revolt the chances of a monarchical restoration might have been gravely imperilled, but now they are brighter, for it is the Republic that will get the blame.

What is essential to put Spain on its feet again is that the leaders of the various Right groups should work closely together to the common end of bringing back the monarchy; and they have the men to form one of the ablest governments in Europe. No existing Ministry could compare with one composed of Gil Robles, Antonio Goicoechea, Calvo Sotelo, the Conde de Rodezno, the Conde de Guadalhorce, and General Franco. Now, on the morrow of her victory over Socialism, Spain has the chance of undoing the blunders of three years ago, and for the sake both of herself and of Europe it is to be hoped she will take it.

Raymond Poincaré

IT is too early yet to assess the place of Poincaré in French history, but it will not be so high as at one time seemed probable. We know now that he did not save France when he came back into political life in 1926, and his measures have proved to be but palliatives. Yet no one can read his autobiography without realizing that he knew the dependence of the executive on the legislative was the great weakness of the Third Republic. He did nothing to remedy it, whether on the *quieta non movere* principle, or because he feared for the régime if a change were attempted, will probably never now be known.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

In foreign affairs Poincaré is likely to be best remembered as the man of the Ruhr. Here, again, he adopted a half measure, which in the end only made matters worse. Poincaré had all the logic of his race, but he shrank from the logical application of his views, and that made him sin against the light. Nevertheless, he was a sincere patriot, and that was more than could be said for many of his contemporaries, either in France or abroad.

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Books Recommended.	

Literary Notes

H. G. Wells

THE first volume of H. G. Wells's autobiography (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) covers Mr. Wells's life from his birth in 1866 to the middle nineties, when he was beginning to become known as a writer and literary journalist. The first half of Mr. Wells's life was full of external difficulties, which he solved not by the orderly methods of an efficient climber, but by a mixture of defiance and retreat. The progress of genius is always complicated, but Mr. Wells's has been peculiarly so, owing to an innate disharmony. As this most interesting book shows, he ought to have been a great dramatic humourist, a richer and more poetic Dickens. But he was born two years after his mother had lost her favourite child, and the suppressed resentment his mother felt at this loss seems to have been responsible for the division

in his character, one-half of which is humane and sympathetic, the other half captious and embittered. The perfectly organized worlds which Mr. Wells has spent so much of his life imagining are simply refuges from his uneasiness in the real world. They are of no interest except to the future biographer of Mr. Wells, who will divine in them Mr. Wells's desire to obliterate everything which reminds him of his youthful handicaps. Mr. Wells dislikes religion because it reminds him of the Church of England, and literature because in his youth he identified it with the privileged class which goes to Oxford. In his resentment against society he has wasted time which should have been given to literature in dreaming what he would do to the world if he were a great man of action. Mr. Wells, in the introduction to this book, quotes as examples of energy and enthusiasm Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin, Gladstone, Beaverbrook, Northcliffe, and Napoleon. A fine body of men, certainly, but irrelevant to the genius of Mr. Wells, whose exemplars of energy and enthusiasm ought to have been Rabelais, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Burns, Fielding, Balzac and Dickens.

Oliver Cromwell

THE events of the last few years have brought Cromwell into notice again. Mussolini, according to Ludwig, admires Cromwell more than Napoleon, and the Nazis admire him as much as Hitler. These two books ("Oliver Cromwell," by John Buchan. Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.; and "Cromwell," by Hilaire Belloc. Cassell. 12s. 6d.) have therefore come out at the right moment. Mr. Buchan's portrait of Cromwell is the clearest and best-balanced which has yet appeared. He gives both Cromwell's power in relation to the external world, and his inner perplexity. "On his religion it is not easy to be dogmatic; like Bunyan's 'Much Afraid,' when he went through the river none could understand what he said." This perplexity is visible in the portraits of Cromwell, whereas Napoleon shows no trace of it.

If Napoleon had been a little less certain about everything he might, like Cromwell, have died in the undisputed exercise of supreme power.

Mr. Belloc's "Cromwell" is an expansion of a pamphlet he published seven years ago, in which he attempted to show that Cromwell was a "very ordinary soul." For a number of reasons, too complex to be unravelled in a short space, Mr. Belloc is bent on convincing mankind that Cromwell was not an autocrat of the Cæsar-Bonaparte type, but a poor muddled soul who was greatly distressed on finding himself the most powerful man in Europe. Mr. Belloc begins by referring to him as "Oliver Williams—universally known as Cromwell." The Cromwells had changed their name to Cromwell from Williams before Oliver was born, but even if Oliver had been born a Williams it is difficult to see what difference that would have made to his genius. The suggestion appears to be that there is something incompatible with true greatness in being called Williams. Yet England would be much poorer without its Williams—the Conqueror, for example, and Shakespeare. That Cromwell was a brilliant cavalry leader Mr. Belloc admits, and, indeed, insists; and after he has affirmed it about twenty times, it becomes clear that he wishes the reader to carry away the impression that Cromwell's brilliance was confined to leading cavalry charges. Some readers may carry away the impression that if leading cavalry charges results in both seizing and retaining supreme power, Bonaparte made a great mistake when he went into the artillery. That Cromwell was a fine tactician Mr. Belloc also concedes, but denies that he was a strategist. The only conclusion one can draw from this is that it is a dangerous thing for a general to be a strategist, and that Napoleon, for example, would have lost fewer campaigns if his genius for tactics had not been neutralized by his genius for strategy.

Towards the close of this book, Mr. Belloc discovers two more reasons for denying Cromwell greatness as a ruler. Cromwell, whom Mr. Belloc has previously

charged with " treasons, betrayals, acts of abominable cruelty," suddenly becomes too good to govern, and too much the gentleman. It must have been in unconscious prevision of this stage in his survey of Cromwell that Mr. Belloc wrote many years ago :—

> And I fear I shall be all alone
> When I get towards the end.

John Cowper Powys

THERE is the material for a very interesting book in Mr. Powys's autobiography (The Bodley Head. 15s.), but for want of a little of " the tricky brevity " which Mr. Powys condemns in Maupassant it is not a success as it stands. It gives the impression of having been dictated at lightning speed in three days of twenty-two hours each, and sent straight to the printers. To convey to a reader a sense of the world as a magical place presented to the senses as solid and material, but in its essence super-sensual, is a task which requires a very great and sustained effort. This effort, as Macaulay would say, Mr. Powys has not thought fit to make, and the result is a vast amorphous mass of undigested impressions. There are, however, many gleams of poetic feeling in the book, and an ingenuous sincerity which endears Mr. Powys to the reader, in spite of a frontispiece in which Mr. Powys is trying to look like Prometheus disdaining a beef-witted Zeus.

Shorter Notices

HAVELOCK ELLIS. " My Confessional " (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.). In this book Mr. Havelock Ellis deals with points raised in letters he has received from correspondents seeking his guidance on moral, philosophical and literary problems. A dash of Carlyle or Schopenhauer's intensity would give a needed vitality to Mr. Ellis's sage comments on life. The problem of pain, for example, is hardly elucidated by " All men who work near furnaces are liable to excruciating and sometimes fatal accidents. It is sad."

"Peace with Honour," by A. A. Milne. (Methuen. 5s.) The aim of this book is to convince mankind that war is both wicked and silly. Where Tolstoi, a wrathful prophet, failed, it is unlikely that Mr. Milne, an irritable publicist, will succeed. The tone of this book might be compared to that of an acid spinster trying to keep her temper while explaining the mischievous effects of debauchery to the Emperor Heliogabalus.

Fiction

CAPTAIN NICHOLAS. By HUGH WALPOLE. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)
RESURRECTION. By WILLIAM GERHARDI. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)
STRIKER GODOWN. By THOMAS BELL. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.)

ALL along the line the battle is now joined, and the novelists (needless to add) are much better reporters than the journalists. Mr. Walpole observes it from the centre; Mr. Gerhardi from an outpost on the left, where he describes a manœuvre intended to outflank the enemy with a sudden and unexpected corps; Mr. Thomas Bell sends the report of an isolated unit in America. Whatever the fighters call themselves, and they admit to be fighting in a fog, theirs is a theological battle. But it is fought under quaint taboos, in which, for example, the word theology or God is the unmentionable. Instead, we may mention "continuum" or speak of "space-time" with awe.

It is inconceivable that thousands will not enjoy Mr. Walpole's new novel. The verve of his narrative is splendid, and, for the thousands at any rate, one need not say more. Judged by its author's intention, *Captain Nicholas* takes a first prize. It tells how a comfortable family in Westminster was invaded by a charming uncle, whose fun, for he was also vile, it was to corrupt their unity and affection because their traditions seemed to him absurd in a godless world: where men are really wolves, and, which was more to his point, are ceasing to be ashamed of it. To prey on them, spiritually no less than financially, would shatter their complacency, wake them to reality, to his reality, endow them with *his* life. He is a humorist, too, the pink of a public benefactor. He succeeds, of course, for these sheep are silly. One by one they fall under his gay hands. Three add to his fun by a little resistance. He is actually enthroned in the house

when his hostess, his sister, rebels. A battle royal follows, and the tale stops. Nicholas is a genuine creation, and Mr. Walpole's virtue is to build his novels on *character*. His skill is used to evoke this character by action, and the story comes from the eddies caused in other characters by the most potent and self-conscious in their midst. What is more—this novel is about something, something real. If Nicholas is right and God a myth, he does well to unveil the stale old lie in this family. But if even one among them disagrees, a fight is inevitable. They must agree or disagree with him, and this fight is to the death. The complex pattern is woven deftly. We follow a dozen characters in and out of the maze. The odd thing is that Mr. Walpole has more subtlety in suggestion than solidity in shaping. Nicholas is alive—through mainly scattered strokes. The solid people are a bit wooden, truer to life in photography than with the lively truth of art. Awake to mystery, he renders it better in externals. He just falls short of the mystery inside, in the soul. His cat is to be noted. No human in the book is blacker than the cat, except its kindred the captain. Lizzie, the old child, succeeds because she, too, is a sketch. When people talk seriously, we begin to miss the captain, for the captain's hints are more pregnant than the decent people's ideas. There is a finer intuition of evil than of good. Mr. Walpole seems silenced but not convinced by orthodoxy, much as Milton seems. The interest of this novel is so topical that one wonders how it will read in twenty years. Many a corner of present-day London comes to life in it. Approaching this novel with slight prejudice, I found the prejudice unjust. It is not only proficient to a degree. It is more.

Mr. Gerhardi is too self-confident to be conscious of the Past. He thinks his own intelligence more important than any yesterday. Claiming, by a means which (in effect) is the equivalent of theories argued by Dunne and illustrated by such imaginative writers as Proust, Tchekov, to have got outside his own body, Mr. Gerhardi seeks to convince his readers of personal immortality and of having foretasted the extension of life that death will reveal. This novel, too, is skilfully constructed. First comes his strange experience. Then a long description of a ball where he tries to interest fashionable or intellectual friends in his news; then a discussion how his book must be written; then a retelling of his life and travels to illustrate the seeming trivial, but actually abiding, experiences of that past life; then another experience

with a dead man to show that both have met on the latter's dimension. It is not an idle fantasy, but in intention a faithful record, and the "experience" may be regarded as but a more "actual" intuition than our moments of lifted horizon usually are. There is no flavour of Spiritism about it. Yet, for all its finer intellectual structure, it shares the basic defect of the Spookists whom it scorns: an extension of materialism, a degradation of spiritual things. Mr. Gerhardi has an intelligent, but prosaic, mind. There is brilliance in his writing, but not beauty; only a critical awareness that beauty exists. With far less Mammonish interests, he has the metallic note of Arnold Bennett. Opinions of the novel will, in fact, depend on whether a reader shares, or rejects, the author's philosophy, but there is fun, satire, scarcely disguised portraiture, for idler readers. This said, it does not seem to me that he could have put his case better, or woven into it more ingeniously satire, autobiography, a book of travel, a theory of life. It is becoming interesting to watch the desperate way in which spiritual things are now being *materially* discerned by our materialists-cum-spiritualists, and how Mr. Dunne has broken new ground for the novelists.

Mr. Thomas Bell's novel is an American version of that popular subject, modern Despair. Like an English novel that I read lately, its conclusion is that an enduring love (for one person, in both books, be it noted) is the only refuge from the pit of inner, even more than external, frustration. Mr. Bell incises his abscess with a steel probe. His book is like a gruesome all-steel structure in America. A typical sentence is: "a horn's snarl loosened them from the curb." He has vigour, drive, conviction, intelligence, but in England we are still short of preferring an orchestra mainly composed of prose-pneumatic drills. One day, I think, Mr. Bell will use fewer of them, and be less proud of those he may keep, than perhaps he is now. He has had to travel so far, so very far, to assemble even that orchestra. His hero leaves home to seek "adventure, truth, and beauty," tries every job round the world till, tired of penury or starvation wages, he returns a Marxian rebel, cut off from his well-to-do and his working-class neighbours alike. In despair at evils he is impotent to remedy, he turns to live on a modest inheritance with the one girl (out of many) he discovers he still loves. This love-story, ending in marriage, is not dragged in as an evasion or a sop. It appears to be the only glimpse of reality that the poor fellow has found. He still wants his three objects, but admits "what

they really mean or how to go about getting them I don't know." Because thousands are in this plight, Mr. Bell, an honest writer, should be respected. But is the puzzle so hard? Readers should remember something that Mr. Bell still misses. Man can never be sufficient to himself. His home is not here, nor his heart able to rest on his fellow. To act as if it were is to discover, like this hero, a twofold abyss. To escape the outer may become impossible any day now: to transcend the inner despair is not. Despair is the wholesome result of attempting to be self-sufficient. Married love, the little clue on which oddly both Mr. Bell and my other English author agree, should be followed up, for it is a clue to much beyond it. Mr. Bell has a good story to tell, and towards its heartfelt end the pneumatic drills become muted in his orchestra. Why? Because even the mockery of love involves another. By thus admitting self to be insufficient, even two selves as honest love will find, it points to the door from both sorts of despair. Beyond that door there is no more of this racket. Having come so far, Mr. Bell, with a future before him, should be read with admiration and followed with compassionate interest.

OSBERT BURDETT.

Publisher and Publicist

AUTHOR HUNTING. By GRANT RICHARDS. (Hamish Hamilton. 15s. net.)
VALE. By DEAN INGE. (Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE title of Mr. Grant Richards' book will amaze a large number of authors who have spent a considerable portion of their lives in publisher-hunting. But Mr. Richards is writing of those happy far-off times when authors were neither so numerous nor so brilliant as they are to-day. Then the publisher had to mark down his quarry and stalk him with care. Now the publisher is the quarry and he is hunted in packs.

According to Mr. Shaw this is "the tragedy of a publisher who allowed himself to fall in love with literature." But the real tragedy is that Mr. Richards did not fall head-over-ears in love with literature. Had he done so he would have handsomely reimbursed himself for several initial failures. He frequently published the early works of men whose later works

were best-sellers. He spotted winners; but too often they were next season's winners. They were non-starters when he backed them; they romped home when he had lost faith in them. But what makes his book so interesting is that we are treated to stable-gossip of Bernard Shaw, A. E. Housman, Arnold Bennett, Theodore Dreiser, John Masefield, Thomas Burke and a dozen others long before they became popular favourites. Mr. Richards tells us a lot about their foibles, but he tempers the truth with discretion and creates an appetite for more. This, for example, is how he describes his last meeting with Dreiser in a New York hotel :—

" He came, was shown to my narrow room, and after some salutation we each waited, like nervous dogs, for the other to begin, I folding my clothes and putting them away, he leaning back in his chair, interminably folding and unfolding his handkerchief. In effect, I believe, we neither of us spoke and, after a space, he departed. Defending myself, let me add that my own particular quarrel with what he had written was one which from its very nature I was unable to point out to him or to discuss . . . Something in his manuscript."

Altogether a most entertaining book, written by a shrewd judge of men and affairs who has found life thoroughly enjoyable and whose dealings with authors have left him, at any rate, serene.

Dean Inge, whose interest in mysticism has perforce embraced Christianity, has always been out of touch with the social conditions of the vast majority of his fellow-beings, and there is a curiously naïf assertion in his " Farewell " which illustrates his remoteness from life. Speaking of the social zeal displayed by the Anglican clergy in the second half of the nineteenth century, he says that " there still existed several abuses which have since been remedied, so that we cannot assume that the ' Christian Socialists ' of the Victorian age would now join the Labour party. The earnest priests who revealed the evils of sweating and overcrowding did good service in awakening the social conscience." From this we deduce (1) that there is no sweating and overcrowding to-day, and (2) that the Labour party stands for social progress. Both deductions, though pleasing, are untrue.

On the subject of eugenics, Dean Inge writes : " Perhaps we are not all agreed on what qualities we should choose to breed for in our eugenic State; but there can be no difference of opinion as to the kind of people whom we do not want." But there is a very wide difference of opinion as to the kind of people

we do not want. For example, Dean Inge does not want what he calls the "sub-man" of Russia, while in Russia they do not want either deans or sub-deans. Really these questions are not so simple as they sound.

One more quotation. "The problem of unemployment can be solved only by reducing the home population," says Dean Inge; "and I expressed my preference for systematic colonization as against a further reduction in the birthrate." But does he really believe that the removal of, say, two million inhabitants of Great Britain to Canada is going to solve the problem of unemployment? It would merely transfer the problem from Great Britain to Canada, a fact which the Canadian Government has been careful not to overlook. The problem in brief is a purely economic one and cannot be solved by shipping whole chunks of proletariate from one hemisphere to another. There is, of course, something to be said for an emptier England, but here is a chance for the Church to give us a lead.

HESKETH PEARSON.

A Talisman against Boredom

THE REVEREND SYDNEY SMITH. By OSBERT BURDETT. (Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 15s.)

ACCORDING to Mr. Burdett, Sydney Smith's reputation as a wit is the cause of our failing to remember his greatness of character, and it is from this angle of view that he creates his portrait. Mr. Burdett admirably introduces us to an immensely healthy, sturdy and industrious country parson; a man endowed pre-eminently with both versatility and common sense. As examples of the former quality, we find him in the role of architect completely reconstructing a derelict parsonage house. In a letter to Lord Lansdown, Smith writes, "Part of my house has tumbled down," (he refers to the one he set about rebuilding) "the rest is inclined to follow. We sleep upon props; an enemy or a Dissenter might saw me down in the night time." In middle age he began, for the first time, to study farming, and made a success of it. He would have made an excellent physician, and indeed practised as one, prescribing for his poorest parishioners without taking fees, dispensing and compounding drugs. In addition to these activities, Smith was reformer,

political pamphleteer, journalist and popular lecturer, and in each of these roles, he a long way exceeded mediocrity.

Of his illuminating common sense, examples abound. He discovers the object of education, as envisaged by schoolmasters, to be: "To love the instrument better than the end—not the luxury which the difficulty encloses, but the difficulty—not the filbert, but the shell—not what may be read in Greek, but Greek itself." How vividly this brings to mind my own school days when Kennedy's Latin Primer was the text, and Virgil and Ovid indifferent commentators!

Except for one dreadful lapse when he made a small girl of his parish stand with a placard inscribed "Thief!" to punish her for stealing one of his peaches—a theft towards which, if only as a *bon vivant*, he should have shown indulgence—Smith's kindliness was in grain. He championed boy chimney-sweeps at their perilous and airless drudgery, and advocated the abolition of a system which made such drudgery a necessity. He opposed the game laws and would protest with all the force of his pen when, in defence of his pheasants, the Squire caught a good Christian in a good steel trap. It is well to know the moral worth of Sydney Smith, but the honest and industrious are legion, wits are rare, and it was as a talisman against boredom that his company was sought by his contemporaries. It was Smith who commended Macaulay's "flashes of silence." Good works alone would never have given him the entry into that exclusive set who foregather in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

His anecdote about pigs, in his lecture on the law of associated ideas, is delightful. "Of the smaller domestic animals, none is more attractive than are swine. . . . Once when overlooking a byre, crowded with these creatures, which were happily sprawling at their ease in straw and mud, I stared at them so lovingly that my companion, an elderly gentleman of great worth, asked me why I lingered. 'Because,' I answered, 'this reminds me so pleasantly of a lounge in a Gordon hotel.' He was then deputy-chairman of that famous company, and with a grunt he replied that the similitude had not struck him hitherto. 'But it does now?' I enquired eagerly. . . ."

Aphorisms reveal character, and this of Sydney Smith's expresses admirably his sane and masculine philosophy. "Of all mistakes the greatest, to live and to think life of no consequence."

KENNETH HARE.

Seaside Whoopee

BESIDE THE SEASIDE. By Various Authors. (Nott. 7s. 6d.)

THESE "six variations," well introduced by the editor, Miss Yvonne Cloud, are not happily titled. The title gives a cheap, temporary, sentimental air to a very good book, for the production of which the publisher deserves a vote of praise.

Miss Kate O'Brien deals with Southend, Miss Antonia White with Brighton, the editor with Margate, while Bournemouth falls to Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge (mercifully forgetful of Russia), Mr. James Laver expatiates on Blackpool, and Mr. V. S. Pritchett "gets gay" with Scarborough. They all show, if several disguise, considerable enthusiasm, which is as it should be: why be "superior" about the place concerning which one elects to write? All show a sense of history and a pretty gratitude to that Dr. Russell who, in 1753, started the seaward trek that became general in the next century and is now almost a habit. A very sensible habit.

Miss O'Brien, apt to be just a little dull in descriptions, is entertainingly light, inoffensively flippant, and not seldom witty in her historical passages. Her style is lucid and pleasant. (But, why, oh why, that involved, infelicitous sentence on page 45?) Miss White's "Brighton" abounds in informative gossip and lightly worn erudition; we know her of old in "Time and Tide." She does full justice to the Regent's playground. Yet Mr. Muggeridge goes nearer to the heart of the matter when he says: "The Bournemouth crowd is sedate and unribald. If its respectability is a trifle oppressive, its assurance and air of economic well-being are restful. There is the very word. Bournemouth is restful. Its merry-making has no flavour of hysteria. . . . Bournemouth is for all the year round." The book would be well worth buying for Mr. Muggeridge alone; but there is also Mr. Laver, not, at first sight, the obvious man for the job. It is often, however, the very intelligent person who has the most sympathy with the life and ways of crowds. "One is left wondering whether, after all, it was not the proud poets who discovered the sea, but ordinary people, fathers and mothers of families cooped up for most of the year in great cities, and anxious for a breath of fresh air in their congested lungs. It was they who made an even more important discovery: the discovery of Sand." And on how many other subjects does he touch without becoming irrelevant (e.g. Lancashire humour and dialect)! Mr. Laver, retaining his wit, has lost

that rather irritating persiflage: he has become brilliantly, delightfully human; his epigrams are rarer—but better because more mellow. Mr. Pritchett disappointed me, yet that is perhaps a compliment, for he sets a very high standard. I thought he carried rather too far the metaphor of Scarborough as Roxana the Fortunate Mistress, the theme that "The seaside resort is the courtesan among towns."

Miss Cloud, like the other ladies, is less witty than either Mr. Laver or Mr. Muggeridge, but, like Miss White and Miss O'Brien, she is never tedious. Far from it! And it does one good to read this: "When Margate is mentioned to some people, they experience an authentic *frisson d'horreur:* they know they do not like Margate and that is why they do not go there. They have the very strongest feeling that when masses of people less sensitive and cultivated than themselves are on holiday, they are merely objectionable, however interesting as a class and perhaps the hope of society as long as they remain at work."

ERIC PARTRIDGE.

An American Pangloss

THE METHOD OF FREEDOM. By WALTER LIPPMANN. (Allen and Unwin. 4s. 6d.)

IT is often supposed, says Mr. Lippmann, that the nations must choose between "the old theoretically neutral state" and "some form of absolute collectivism and a directed economy." He, however, believes that there is "a radically different method," one already "in use in most of the free countries" and "principally among the English-speaking peoples." So far as the individual is concerned, it is, he says, the method of freedom. If individuals are to be free to decide when they will buy and sell, spend and save, and so on, it has become necessary that public authority should set up some compensatory mechanism to redress their liability to error. The State must have collective power, be able to mobilize collective resources, and so offset or correct "the private judgments of masses of individuals." He calls this Compensated Economy and says that it results in a Free Collectivism.

For such free collectivism, although it is, he says, already exemplified in the economic policies of the United States, Britain, Canada and Australia, he does not claim more at

present than that "it is a viable method." He feels, however, that it deserves to be exploited to the full. This means, in particular, a limitation of democracy in that the executive everywhere must regain the initiative in fiscal matters, though the legislature is not for that reason to relinquish its right to consent; and here he holds up English practice as a model for the whole world.

This is to direct attention to what is surely his fundamental mistake. If English practice is so productive of individual security, it is difficult to understand why there are millions of unemployed in this country and why we English ever suffered an economic depression. If the individual is so liable to error that the State needs constantly to take compensating measures, why suppose that the State will be any more infallible than the individual?

But Mr. Lippmann goes further. He sees in free collectivism the promise of Utopia. For all individuals to be free, they must, he says, be secure, they must have property. Yet they must none of them be too powerful. Accordingly, the State which adopts free collectivism has the duty of abolishing both the proletariat and the plutocracy. The proletariat should, he says, be absorbed into the middle-class, for then the plutocratic power will fall or be reduced. The absorption can be effected by recognizing every man's right to work, and where private enterprise fails to find work for a man, by having the State do so. There must be schemes of public works.

Although Mr. Lippmann is a lucid and persuasive writer, this leaves me with the feeling that he is simply an American Doctor Pangloss.

MONTGOMERY BELGION.

Brown Shirt and Brown Book

HITLER'S WONDERLAND. By MICHAEL FRY. (John Murray. 5s. nett.)

THE REICHSTAG FIRE TRIAL. Containing chapters by GEORGI DIMITROV and LEON FEUCHTWANGER, together with an introduction by D. N. PRITT, K.C., and based on material collected by the World Committee For The Relief Of The Victims Of German Fascism.

IT is a pity that Mr. Fry could not have found arguments rather more compelling than many which he actually employs in "Hitler's Wonderland," which, despite the publisher's

assurance that as Mr. Fry has been a journalist in many European countries he has no axe to grind, seems to me to give the benefit of a vast amount of doubt to Herr Hitler and his régime.

Thus in the chapter on "Organised Immorality"—which, together with Communism and Corruption made up an extremely unholy pre-Hitlerian trinity in Germany—Mr. Fry makes lengthy reference to the Bervert-clubs, Homosexuality Leagues, Daisy Bars, African Chin-Yows, and Port Said vice-dens formerly to be found in Berlin. Then, anticipating incredulity on the part of some of his readers, Mr. Fry suggests: "Go and see for yourself!" But "unfortunately no one can do that now, because Hitler has cleared up all the vice and filth which I have chronciled here. . . ." A little later on in the chapter we are told: "The very air you breathe is purer." But with this I cannot agree. I have visited the Port Said vice-dens to which Mr. Fry likens some of the pre-Hitlerian Berlin night-clubs—and I must say that none of the somewhat tepid exhibitions staged therein seemed one quarter as vicious as the overpowering reek of garlic. I have also, within the last few months, visited Germany. My impression, on looking back, is that the garlic-laden air of the *Coq d'or* at Port Said was as the purity of the Great Open Spaces compared with the mixed atmosphere of suspicion, suppression, and hostility which I encountered in, for example, Nürnberg, where my barber, seeing that I was a foreigner, tried to pump me concerning my movements in Germany; in the country house at which I was staying, where my hostess (the family was non-Nazi) begged me in an urgent whisper to speak French at meals, for the butler understood English, and anything which I said would inevitably find its way to the authorities in the village to the detriment of my friends in the *Schloss*; in architecturally mixed, once so charming Coburg where, on asking for a flask of French brilliantine, I was curtly handed a German make—"the best in the world"—and, on declining it, was told: "get out of my shop, I want to do business with no one of your race!" But if the foregoing is perhaps too personal, the names and proclivities of various of the Storm Troop leaders, recently, with a contempt for the elements of justice which was positively staggering, shot out of hand, occur to one and cause one to wonder whether everything really is so well with the morals of the Third Reich as Mr. Fry, in his enthusiasm, would have us believe.

But although considerable portions of "Hitler's Wonderland"

seem, unlike Alice's, to be fitted for children, there are chapters which are both interesting and instructive. The character-sketches of Hitler, Göring, Lutze (Röhm's successor as Chief of Staff of the S.S.), and Hitler's Germano-American press-agent, Dr. Ernst Hanfstaengel, are brief and sensible. The chapter "No one shall starve," in which the manner whereby Hitler and the N.S. *Frauenschaft* co-operated to raise food to the value of 140,000,000 marks, clothing to the value of 60,000,000 marks, fuel worth 85,000,000 marks, and 35,000,000 marks in cash for the relief of the 15,000,000 Germans who could neither feed, clothe, nor warm themselves during the winter of 1933-34, is a generous tribute to the *Führer* who, no matter how much one may personally dislike and distrust his apparent inborn nationalism, must certainly be regarded as one of the greatest patriots of all time.

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My Army Life

By Lieut.-Gen. The Earl of Dundonald, K.C.B., K.C.V.O.

"The impression that it made on me is the reason that has prompted me to write this Foreword—in the hope that a still larger circle may read it. For it has a two-sided value. It shows that by thinking ahead and by applied common-sense, soldiers may be prepared to meet the conditions of future warfare; and incidentally how the army might have been better prepared if more soldiers had possessed an open mind. . . . . It is the record of a man who sought to see clearly, prized the truth, and paid the customary penalty exacted from those who scorn the occasional use of dark glasses."

From the Foreword by Capt. LIDDELL HART

Of all Booksellers *370 pages, 7 plates* *7/6 net*

MADDOX ST

The chapter dealing with the future of Germany is, despite its complete failure to attempt to deal with the future of Germany —" What the future is," says the author, " no man can attempt to predict,"—not without encouragement to those who, like myself, care for Germany but feel that her progress, so long as the present régime continues, can only be retrograde. For, disagreeing with Mr. Fry's assertion that prediction is impossible, I suggest that nothing short of a great diplomatist can rescue Germany from the economic chaos into which she has fallen; that Hitler is so infinitely far removed from being a diplomat that he cannot hope to fill the necessary rôle; that enthusiasm (for Nazism or anything else) flies out of the window when hunger comes in through the door. In fact, as Mr. Fry's book, albeit involuntarily, suggests, the position of Nazism in Germany to-day is precarious in the extreme; and it will take a far more convincing writer than Mr. Fry to persuade me that the movement has much chance of becoming otherwise.

So much has already been written regarding the Reichstag Fire Trial and so much that is most appalling has happened in Europe since that event, that a tendency on the part of the reading public to shrug its shoulders on the appearance of a new book on the subject would be perfectly understandable. Yet it would be a thousand pities were " The Reichstag Fire Trial: the Second Brown Book of the Hitler Terror " to be overlooked. For here, in a language distinguished by clarity and restraint in a form most easily assimilable, is an account, not only of the actual arson trial and of the almost unimaginable perversions and flauntings of the German legal system which accompanied it, but as well of a governmental frame of mind, the sheer, blundering ineptitude of which is literally dumbfounding.

In a long book, excellently argued, authenticated, and indexed, so many points stand out that it is difficult to select particular ones for mention. What is perhaps the most significant of all is the immensely strong impression that one has on finishing the book, namely, that if the whole of the oceanic resources of energy which Nazism has been using against Communism had, on the contrary, been employed expressly to further the progress of that creed, they could not have done more to clear the way for an eventual swing of the Germanic pendulum towards Bolshevism than the fantastically mismanaged Reichstag Fire Trial appears actually to have done.

An important, a profoundly disquieting book, this, and one

to be read by all those to whom the preservation of Germany in its best form is rightly a fundamental principle of European welfare. CHARLES CUNNINGHAM.

Alone to China

ONE'S COMPANY. By PETER FLEMING. (Cape. 8s. 6d.)

MR. FLEMING refers to this journey to China as "amateur travel." No doubt it was—in the best sense of the word "amateur." His book is the more attractive for this amateur spirit, the better for being illustrated by amateur photography—what a fine job a professional would have made of that comic Trans-Siberian railway accident!—the better for the disarming warning printed at the beginning. There the author reminds the forgetful and informs the simple-minded that China is larger than Europe and has a population of 450 millions; that of the four thousand recorded years of Chinese civilization he himself has spent there seven months; that his age is twenty-six; that he does not speak Chinese. That these facts were not regarded as disqualifications by the Editor of *The Times* is sufficiently proved by his agreement that the author should be his special correspondent during his travels. The Editor was right not to be overawed by those monstrously disproportionate statistics. Indeed, it was probably the confronting of a young man in his twenties with an ancient and confused civilization that was, in his eyes, the great attraction.

The communications to *The Times* (and other respected journals) are embodied in the book, and it is not difficult to spot them, even when they have been adapted. Something like the sensation of running into a tunnel, howbeit always with illumination enough to make easy reading, is felt whenever the narrative is entering one of these columns. The result is to heighten the effect of light and freedom at the next point of emergence. In those virtues, freedom and light, the writing abounds. I have described that railway accident as comic. Probably, it was an appalling experience; but Mr. Fleming takes good care that you are not appalled or even frightened on his behalf. Nor is he out to win your admiration for his courage by artful under-estimation, unless I am very much deceived. To the reader's mental inquiry "Were you hurt?" I hear no boastful

formula-reply such as: "The merest scratch, I tell you. Nothing more." The author is self-critical enough to avoid the ineptitudes of the average adventure story. The freedom he sought by insisting on enjoying his own company, appears in the individuality of his thought and manner of expression. Perhaps, as applied to one's company, enjoyment is not the fitting word: at least, the photograph facing page 48 offers little encouragement to believe so. Let us say, then, that the author's intention was to experience his own self in a strange world of nearly incomprehensible values. So much of intellectual freedom and light has he gained in his short life that, even if he was unable to communicate any novel or profound thought on China to the expectant Editor of *The Times*, he *was* able to set down a remarkably lucid account of an intensely personal experience. As I view the book, its title and sub-title are an exact description. China is always secondary to this one man's self-interpretation in a Chinese environment. The findings are recorded with lackadaisical good humour and with an avowed aversion from anything like the Boswell manner.

There is one thing omitted from the prefatory list of warnings: the author states his age but does not mention his weakness for "a certain type" of joke. A pity; for he has left behind the adolescent stage when, unvarnished, that jest must be tolerated whether we like it or not; and he is still far from the period of life which permits a Compton Mackenzie to trot it out again with the protagonist in the hardly more elegant disguise of a *vaso di notte*.

BASIL MAINE.

Books Recommended

A BRIEF HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES. By RAMSAY MUIR. (George Philip and Son. 5s.)

MODERN STATES SERIES: SPAIN. By SIR CHARLES PETRIE. POLAND. By E. J. PATTERSON. (Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d. each volume.)

ESSAYS OF THE YEAR. ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, 1933–1934. (The Argonaut Press. 5s.)

GALLIPOLI REVISITED. By STANTON HOPE. With a Foreword by Sir IAN HAMILTON. An account of the Duchess of Richmond Pilgrimage Cruise. Illustrated. (Simpkin Marshall. 5s.)

Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

IF you are going to purchase a wild duck, or what you consider to be a wild duck, examine the colour of its claws. These are always black in the wild species, but a dingy yellow in the tame. And it would be surprising to know how many tame ducks are sold as being wild ducks. The wild duck is rather less in size than the tame duck, but there is little difference in the plumage. The wild mallard or drake weighs about two and a half pounds, but there is considerable breeding between wild and tame birds, especially after sharp winters.

* * *

I MENTION this, because I came across this year a wild duck's nest in a large oak tree, where a hawk had nested last year. There were two eggs in it. On inquiry I found that this was not altogether a curiosity as, in Ireland especially, wild ducks after mating with tame ducks sometimes build nests in trees as a spirit of extreme caution. The young ducklings when hatched were immediately carried to water, some distance away, one in her beak and one between her feet and at once swam with ease.

* * *

THE close of the flat-racing season prompts me to tell this good story of William IV. at the Ascot races of 1832. On being asked how many of his horses should be started for a certain plate he replied, sailorlike, "Oh! let all the fleet run."

* * *

BOOKMAKERS have a variety of reputations, some good and some bad, but they never seem, year after year, to cease complaining that they have lost. As a matter of fact they nearly always come out on top, and to the big bookmakers it often becomes a matter of indifference which horse wins a race, their book being so well divided among all the runners.

* * *

BUT I doubt if any "bookies" of to-day are as successful as they were in those halcyon days of the turf when Messrs. Crockford, Gully, Bland, Holliday, Davis and Robinson of Manchester were outstanding figures. Crockford amassed a fortune within twenty-five years; from being a small retail tradesman, he became the owner of a fine residence in St. James's Street, other properties in London, a mansion and estate at Newmarket, had some of the best wine-cellars in the world, and could accommodate a client or friend with change of a cheque for £100,000 whenever required.

* * *

I SPENT a most enjoyable week-end at Grove Hall, Twyford, Berks, a very pleasant spot indeed, standing in 12½ acres of beautiful grounds, a new type of modern country hotel residence now becoming increasingly popular, both for long

and short visits. There are all the advantages of a rich man's house and grounds, rose and flower gardens, swimming-pool, lawns, shady walks, tennis, croquet, riding, fishing and hunting at most moderate figures. Major W. T. Blake, who founded the Rock Hotel, Gibraltar, so well known to all visitors at the Rock, certainly had a brain-wave when he started the country house hotel. Moderate means can taste the joys of what once only the wealthy landowner possessed.

* * *

WITH winter at hand many will be wanting to plan trips to summer climes, and a casual glance at the Canadian Pacific's Cruise Programme should satisfy the most fastidious traveller. To begin with, who does not want to have a world cruise? Nine out of ten people whom I have asked the question "What would you do if you won a good prize in the Irish Sweep?" have answered, "Take a world cruise." Well, the *Empress of Britain*, one of the finest boats afloat, is to leave Monaco in January to go to India, Ceylon, Siam, the East Indies, China, Japan, Honolulu, and the U.S.A.—in other words round the world—returning home the end of May, when England will be in her spring glory. I, for one, will be a passenger, if a winner. Then the *Empress of Australia* is taking a three months' cruise around four continents and seven seas, bringing in the African and South American continents in particular. And for those who have not this leisure time, let me commend them to a trip to the West Indies, a seven weeks' jaunt to escape the worst part of our winter season.

* * *

THEN 14,000 miles for under £100 appeals to me. The Ellerman Bucknall Line are offering this for a cruise in which South Africa will be the goal, with an inland trip from Capetown to Durban including a visit to the great Victoria Falls. South Africa is a country every intelligent Britisher should know something about from personal contact. Personally I consider its climate one of the most invigorating in the world, but am amazed at the comparatively few people who have any knowledge of the country. In another generation there will be many who will have a winter home there. Cruises start in November, December and January and last two months.

* * *

I AM always interested in warm clothing when winter is at hand. So is every other sensible person. There are wool products and wool products, but let me commend Two Steeples St. Wolstan Wool. This Wigston, Leicestershire firm makes some of the best underwear in the country, and I am never short of their products. Good woollen underwear prevents colds and chills. I was wondering whether the firm of Two Steeples were identified with either St. Walstan, a much honoured Norfolk Saint of the eleventh century, or Saint Wulstan, one time Bishop of Worcester about the same period. It is cheering to find old English names associated with firms of modern days. And after all "Two Steeples" has an ecclesiastical ring as well as the good Saint's wool.

* * *

BRITISH Pottery should always appeal. There was a time when its products had a supreme value, and it should be known that for the first time in the history of the Pottery Industry at an Exhibition at Harrods of Foley China, which is now taking place, there will be a limited First Edition of each design of Dinner

Tea, Coffee and Breakfast Services. Only twelve copies of each will be offered for sale and some of our most distinguished artists have produced the designs, each piece of China bearing the artist's signature. Subject, treatment and colours have been left entirely to the artist's ideas, and the results should be seen to be fully appreciated. Messrs. Brain & Co., makers of Foley China, of Stoke-on-Trent, have been associated with the Tea, Breakfast and Coffee services, and Messrs. Wilkinson, makers of Royal Staffordshire Pottery, with the Dinner, Breakfast and Dessert services.

* * *

I WONDER at the mentality of many folk. Those, who, in order to snare rabbits use cruel and torturing traps and the housewives, largely through want of thought, who buy the snared rabbits from them. Steel tooth traps are a product of the Dark Ages, and the sooner the use of such diabolical instruments are absolutely prohibited the better for this country's claim to be considered the friend of animal creation. Good sportsmen always see that the game shot is killed at once, if by chance they are not clean killed. Fish when caught are always killed by the humane angler who does not care to think they are gasping their lives out in a creel.

* * *

PUBLIC opinion should be roused to fever heat against the cruel, systematic methods of snaring now in practice. It was hard enough to arouse anger against the trapping of animals for their fur; and it is even more difficult when the animals are for food; actually 75 million rabbits are snared every year in Christian England and Scotland, and die lingering deaths of a nature too sickening to write down in plain language. Their agonies must plead to high Heaven for some saving grace of manliness and honour among the two-footed humans of this land.

* * *

WELL, there is a Fur Crusade and a Humane Trapping Campaign which need support, nay, deserve it from every humane reader of these notes. I refer to the one initiated and carried on by Major Charles Van der Byl of Wappenham House, Towcester, Northants. Major Van der Byl has worked unceasingly to present the true case of steel and torturing traps and snares to the public. New humane traps for all animals that have to be caught are now available. The active advice of the R.S.P.C.A. is always available. Even rat traps can be made humane; women can refuse to wear furs and other decorations that they know entail great suffering; housewives can refuse to buy rabbits with maimed limbs indicating the nature of their trapping; and both men and women can and should support with enthusiasm the Bill coming before Parliament to prohibit the manufacture, sale and use of the common steel trap.

* * *

AND I hope and pray that Major Van der Byl, badly handicapped for lack of funds, will receive generous and immediate assistance from everyone. It is a blot on the escutcheon of this country if there is still allowed to be perpetrated

on God's animal life here, or anywhere else, cruelties more unspeakable than ever those of the Neronic persecutions.

* * *

WINTER sport enthusiasts will soon be finding their way to Switzerland where every facility will await them in the pursuit of their favourite pleasure. The number of ski-ers is steadily increasing each year and beginners find many broad stretches for practice grounds before they essay the main runs. One of the chief features of many ski-ing centres is the care taken in the coaching and instruction of novices. Some ski clubs arrange daily tours for their members, but the ski-er who wants to keep to himself can do so; the one just out for amusement need not join the more adventurous spirits.

* * *

A NUMBER of distinguished men and women can be met at the various sport centres, politicians, sailors and soldiers predominating. With quite a number of visitors the curling and skating rinks are great attractions, with ice gymkhanas and skating exhibitions at regular intervals. The enthusiasm of the curlers is always very noticeable, and many most keenly contested curling fixtures are held. Quite candidly I have seen as many arguments over the curling as I have over croquet at home, and that says a good deal.

* * *

LOVE of the high Alps in winter is bringing bands of English skaters and ski-ers together as possibly no other sport has done, and the spirit of hospitality and friendship formed in Switzerland is translated into ties of friendship when the winter sports are over.

* * *

AND if is added the many other opportunities for bob, toboggan and horse-racing, not to mention indoor entertainments, fancy dress balls and the many amenities of social life, winter in Switzerland is "some life." Already this year bookings are well in advance of other years since the war.

* * *

WINTER Sports enthusiasts will be able this year to leave London after breakfast and dine the same evening in the Rhone Valley, thanks to the Air France Line, while those who prefer Rail will find the Winter Sports Special at their disposal, the first year of this train's running. No better proof could be had of the popularity of these sports. For the first time since the War the International Bonspiel has been rearranged. The great work of a curler. Sir Ian Colquhoun is its President and the Vice-Presidents are Lord Elgin and Col. Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel. The Bonspiel will be held at Murren, as also the Public School Downhill Race, which last year was run for the first time at Sesprieres, nine schools taking part. This year the number will be larger. It looks as if the sport of ski-ing will become increasingly popular in British Public Schools. It is a sport at which the British Public School lads should shine. Moreover, winter sport in Switzerland with its wonderful bracing climate should be of great benefit to the lads.

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